

A
CREW

of kind London

GOSSIPS

All met to be Merry.

Complaining of their Husbands.
With their Husbands Answer in their
own Defence

To which is Added

INGENIOUS POEMS.

OR

WIT and DROLLERY.

Written and newly enlarged by S. R.

*Imprinted at London, and are to be sold at the
Grey-hound in St. Pauls Church-Yard, and in
Westminster-Hall.*

C R E W

of King's London

GOSSETTS

All men to be Married

Complaining of their Wives
With their Husbands in their
own Houses

To which is Added

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To the Mayds of

LONDON.

Virgins, that live your weary Maiden-Lives,
Wishing with all your hearts that you were Wives
Longing continually to hear it said,

This is last time of asking; farewell Mayd.
Note here your Sisters, that are gone before,
What wholesome Gossips talk they have in store,
Consider how their Husbands they abuse
Amongst their Cuppes, to find each other news:
Think whether there's not much discretion lacks,
When men are wronged thus behind their backs.
Observe this conference, survey it all,
And judge how kindest hearts are dealt withal,
Which when you shall perceive (as 't is most plain)
When you are Wives, do you the like refrain:
Abuse not Husbands at each Gossips feast,
When they (good harmeles men) offend you least:
For if with any fault you can them touch,
It only is, their loving you too much.

S. R.

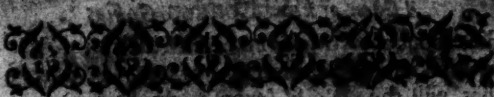
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To the Mayds of

LONDON.

Virtues, that live your weary Maiden-Lives,
Wishing with all your hearts that you were Vices
Loving continually to be in Laid,
This is last time of asking, farewell Mayds,
Note how you differ, that are gone before,
What whole some Gossips will have in store,
Consider how their husbands they abuse,
Although their Cupps, to shed each others new,
Think whether there is not much of this lack,
If then men are married, that stand their backs,
Of love this confession, (but say it all,
And judge how kindly I am to you withal,
Which when you shall perceive, as it is most plain)
If you are Vices, do you live in the refrain:
If not, then I am sure, in each of you I find
If you are Vices, then I am sure, you find
For if you are Vices, you are in the land
It only is, the loving, loving, loving

Licensed according to Order.



C R E W
Of kind London
GOSSIPS,

All met to be Merry.

Advice to the Citizens.

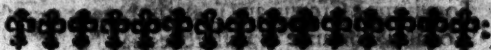
MY Masters that are Married, look above,
For matter of Complaint is coming out
Against your Persons, stand upon your Guard;
Either your Wives be bad, or you are hard:
Your Credits are in question very far,
And now or never, either make or mar.
You are Accus'd of many bayness things,
And swift Report hath very nimble Wings.

It flies about the Town from eare to eare,
 And most will Credite even all they hear. (Wives
 What will the World suppose, to have your
 Give out, their Husbands live such odious lives?
 What will our Batchellours and Maydens say,
 That are preparing for their Wedding day?
 Why, they will censure of the Married life,
 To be a state full of Domestick strife,
 Stand to it stoutly; now as you are men,
 First hear them speak, and shape an Answer then:
 They are no less then half a dozen strong,
 Arm'd with such Tongues as will endure no
 Six Gossips that of late together met, (wrong:
 Besprinkled finely, well with Clarret-wet:
 Apt to discourse of all that ere they knew,
 As is the humor of the Gossip-crew,
 Did find themselves greatly agrieved all,
 And each her Husband into question call.
 The first of them, a Gallant Proper Dame,
 With Tongue enough, and Courage to the same,
 That drank Carouses to the other five,
 And had a care to see the Vintner Thive;
 That had her Pint for Pint, her Quart for Quart,
 Loving a cup of Clarret with her heart:
 That scorn'd to be increased for her Drink,
 But would hold out when twenty wenches thrunk;
 And rake her Cups, even with a Courage down,
 Play the Good-fellow kindly, spend her Crown
 With

A Crew of kind London Gossips

† 3

With any she that durst, a merry Wife,
That never plaid the Miser in her life;
Only her Husband did a humor see,
Which did not like him; she was too too free;
And that (indeed) will not do very well,
For divers Reasons which a man might tell;
But we will leave them to be thought upon,
And turn her to her Tale; which thus goes on,



The first Gossips Complaint.

KInd Gentlewomen, though I sport and jest,
I have small cause to do it, I protest:
If you knew all the Crosses Fortune brings,
Ah little do you know where my Shoo wrings:
I am oft merry, and I cannot chuse,
If one should hang me, pleasure I must use:
Unto the Proverb I do still agree,
Cats kill'd a Cat, so shall it not me.
Yet I am husbanded with such a Clown,
'T would pull a merrier heart then mine is down:
There's nothing in him, tis a very Gull,
His mind's of Money-bags, to fill them full:
There's nothing that comes from him with good,
But he is ever grudging, grumbling still:

(will,

B 2

Let

Let me but ask him somewhat for to spend
 At such a time as this, with Friend and Friend;
 His Purse will be a coming out so slow,
 And such a dogged look he will bestow,
 With mind unwilling going thereabout,
 I could spend thrice as much ere it comes out.
 Is this the way to please a womans mind,
 That is unto good fellowship inclin'd?
 And never to this day regardeth dross,
 Sometime a Crown, and sometime ne're a cross
 To take allowance at a wretches hand,
 Not having Gold and Silver at command.
 Whom doth he spare for, we no Children have
 Indeed he doth allow me to go brave;
 But that's his credit, full as much as mine,
 And now and then at Meals a Pint of Wine,
 Marry Sir Muff, yea, and Gra-mercy Horse,
 I will have more, by fair means, or by force:
 I scorn to take allowance like a Child,
 There's nothing got, when women be too mild.
 This by my Sister Sara prove I can,
 All *London* doth not yield a kinder man
 Then *Thomas* is; yet at the first I know,
 He did but use her (as they say) so so.
 But what did shee? Marry, grew somewhat stout
 And when he look't for kindness, loure and pout
 With Pish and Phew, no joy (poor soul) I have,
 I could now wish, that I were in my Grave;

A Gossip of kind London Gossips. 5

And sigh, and weep, and often eat no meat.
 And then the Aile (her husband) would intreat,
 prethee (sweet-heart) what dost ayle my deare.
 Why should this sorrow in thy looks appeare:
 Dost thou want any thing, I prethee speake.
 Then would she sigh, as if her heart would break,
 And make as though she wept, and rub her eyes,
 Till her kind soul in earnest sirs and cryes,
 Protesting to do ought that might her please:
 Then laying on to him her disease,
 She told him that her only grief of mind
 Proceeded from hard usage she did find:
 For other women (to her extreme care)
 Were full of Money, when her purse was bare.
 He hearing this, accorded it good hap,
 And threw a bag of Angels in her lap:
 Then took her by the hand, and (kissing) swore
 While he had Coyne, she should complain no more.
 So to this day, his honest word doth keep,
 Only because his wife did sit and weep.
 Now which of us will not almost do so,
 Our teats are cheap and plenty, you do know,
 For be it spoke in secret, twixt us heer,
 A penny for a pottle is too deere.
 Well, I intend to try my Sisters trick;
 He first be sullen, after he be sick;
 And if one after another will not doo,
 I will be sullen, sick, and dogged too.

62 *A Crew of kind London Gossips.*

And chafe, and pout, and frowne, and fret, and sweare,
And in a week not touch a bit of Meate;
And when my Husbands tongue he still doth hold
Then I will be most apt to bray and scold;
But when he speaks, and would have me reply,
He hold my peace; and (frowning) look awry;
These are the Rules that I intend to keep,
A Shroe is ten times better then a Sheep.



The Second Gossips Complaint.

NExt to the first a second next one far,
Which took a cup of wine to drinke up chare;
Then sitting in two mocher, said, ye know not
Ah, with I could, what I were yet a Mayd.
We are so forward in our youth you know,
When past a dozen years we once do grow;
We long, and wish, and look, and dayly think
For you know what, Cupid is most and drinke
Unto our hungry thoughts, his prayse we sing;
Forsooth a Husband is your only thing,
Poor foolish Girles; we know not what we do,
But take a pride when Fellows come to woo,
He tell you one thing, but no words he have,
I know I speak it to the wife and grave.

When

A View of kind London Gossips.

7

When I was Mayd, with Chalk behind our doore,
Some five and forty Surors I did score;
And I would use the Fools alike (all kind)
For which continual Favours I did find; (give,
He tell you truth, the Clowes which some did
Are more then I can weare out while I live,
Each was resolv'd, he did my Love possesse;
For like a crafty Quean (I must confesse)
I gave kind words, and smiles, and kisses too,
And things that shall be nameless I did do:
Which shall be left to youth, tis gone and past,
I have not been the first nor shall be last
Of waggish Wenches: for when we are gone,
There's little ones new bred, are growing on;
But (in good sadness) I am plagued now,
For all my knavery, he tell you how.
Of all my choice (for forty five was plenty)
I took a Clown the very worst of twenty,
Indeed he doth allow me Coyn at will,
For to belie the Devil it is ill.
But heere's his fault, hee teases me many a way,
When I would have my humor he sayes nay.
Let me bid one do this, he sayes do that,
My wife talks often-times she knows not what:
Yea, when that many strangers are in place,
Hee's not asham'd to offer this disgrace;
For which, we too have often fallings out,
And sometimes at the fistls we have about.

4 4

I

B4

8 *A Crew of kind London Gossips.*

I care not greatly who so ere it know,
 If he strike me, Ile march him blow for blow ;
 For though he be my head (as people talk)
 About his pate my fist sometimes doth walk ;
 He shall have even as good as he doth bring,
 I will not dye in's debt for any thing.
 Unto my Parents I do seem the liker,
 For well I wot my Mother was a striker :
 And I have seen her take my Father down,
 That he was even afraid to see her frown.
 He would sometime come wrangling in a dore,
 But when my Mother with a cudgel swore,
 And said but to him, *Richard shall I come ?*
 Why present he had not a word but *Mum*.
 I noting this, unto my self would say,
 That same trick will I have another day :
 For if I meet with one that's like my Father,
 Ile take no blows, He see him hanged rather.
 Indeed I find my Husband but a bragger,
 His humor is, he will a little swagger,
 And seems as if he were Knight of the Sun,
 But let me stand to him and he hath done.
 At first (indeed) he put me in a fear,
 When as I heard him but begin to swear :
 Then spake I fair, and to him was right kind,
 Thinking to put him in a better mind,
 I ride him thus a while, but 'twas a wonder
 How he would domineer, and keep me under.

Nay

A Crew of kind London Gossips.

Nay then (quoth I) He try my Mothers trick,
And valiantly took up a Faggot-stick.
(For he had given me a blow or twain)
But as he likes it, let him strike again
The blood ran down about his ears, apace,
I brake his head, and all beserach't his face:
Then got him down, and with my very fist
I did bepommel him until he pist.
So from that house unto this present day,
He never durst begin another fray:
But is content to let all fighting cease,
A Faggot-stick hath bound him to the peace.



The Third Gossips Complaint.

VWell done in truth, yea, & gra-mercy Besse,
Would I had part of thy brave valiant-
I lack it wench, (in sadness) very much. (ness;
For I have one, all Hell affords none such,
He useth me in all things as he list,
Oh that I could but rule him with my fist,
As thou dost thine: how happy should I be,
If I had but a courage like to thee;
It grieves me to the heart I cannot do it,
Nature hath not enabled me unto it;

So *A Crew of kind London Gossips*

I have as tall a tongue as others have,
And can afford him Rascal, Drunkard, Knave,
Gull, Coxcombe, Noddy, Idiot, and Ass,
The veryest Calf that ever went to grass,
Block-headed, Buzzard, and a hundred like,
But I could never have the heart to strike.
If that I durst once venter for to beat him,
As in mine anger I could even eat him,
In conscience I might be his Master sure,
If I the tryal of it durst endure.
Sometimes me thinks I could a cudgel take,
But then my very heart begins to quake,
For to my self my inward thoughts do speak,
My Husband is too strong, and I too weak,
Which makes me often wish I had the power
To make myself a man for half an hour,
That so I might revenge my self a while,
I would be talkt of many an hundred Mile
For valour, I should make him tremble then,
And be example unto other men.
Oh I would teach my dominiering youth,
To strike a woman while he liv'd, in truth
One time he came home drunck, and then
Now for to cudgel him I will go try: (thought I,
His case was then so weak he could not stand,
And I might easie get the upper hand:
But I conceiv'd 'twill turn up to my sorrow,
The drunken fool would think upon't to morrow:
And

A Crew of kind London Gossips. 11

And then I shall be fore to pay for all,
I know the weakest must unto the wall.
This made me very fearful to proceed,
And for my life I durst not do the deed:
But in his way I set a little Stool,
And over that down comes my reeling fooll:
That was to plague him somewhat for his sibs,
For I am sure it mortified his shins;
And then I seem'd to be exceeding sad,
Saying, dear Husband, what a fall you had:
Give me your hand that I may help you rise;
And took a handkerchief, and wip't mine eyes;
As if that I had wept for very grief,
Being my self the causer of it chief:
But of a troth (as you may well beleive)
I laught most bravely at it in my sleeve,
And then into a chair I did him see,
Asking him if a Chirurgion should be set,
And tying of a Kirchief 'bout his head,
I left him fast asleep and went to bed:
All this I did to please in outward shewes,
Being my Pollicy to scape from blows.
But the next Morning in his soberness,
I rang his ears a Peal, you'l hardly guesse,
Thou filthy Beast (quoth I) hast thou no shame,
To make thy self a common laughing game?
Art thou a man thus to abuse thy Wife?
Assuredly, 'tis pittie of thy life.

I fit

I sit all day even like a Prisoner here, (Boer
 And thou com'st home laden with Wine and
 And if I tell thee of the good thereof, (scoff.
 (Like all lewd Knaves) good counsel thou do'st
 My tongue thou rearmest but a Serpents sting:
 Thus doth the Diuel lead thee in a string.
 thou hast no power good motions to embrace,
 Cam'st thou not home last night in scurvy case,
 bleeding, and hurt, my sorrow to provoke
 It were no matter if thy neck were broke.
 Thus did I rattle him, till Choller grew,
 And then he at my head a Cushion threw;
 Saying, there Scold, take somewhat for thy pains.
 Go too (quoth I) y'are best beat out my Braines
 With Cushions now to make the Proverb true:
 Then out goes he to meet the cursed crew,
 And to enquire who t'was did hurt him so,
 But Ile keep that (my Wenches) close, I know.



The Fourth Gossips Complaint.

WELL Gentewomen (said the fourth) I see
 You have great reason to complain, all three
 Vpon your Husbands, they are bad indeed;
 But I have one (in conscience) doth exceed:

The

The chiefeſt thing wherein he takes delight,
Is to be up at Dice and Cards all night.
He is a Gameſter, though no Cock of game,
For I do find he doth his buſineſs lame,
In things (you know my meaning) ſcant worth
But faſt and welcome, as a number ſaies; (praiſe
Al's one for that, my care hath ever bin,
Becauſe he will not ſtay a nights within,
But runneth ſtill abroad from place to place,
Waſſing away his Money lewd and baſe:
His Gameſters Companies hee'l not reſuſe,
For all the mild behaviour I can uſe;
Intreat him, kind dear Husband Play no more,
And ſpeak him fair until my tongue be ſore:
Requeſt him, if in love with Cards he be,
That he would play at *Noddy* but with me:
Or if he love the Tables ſo a life,
Why then to play at *Dublets* with his wife.
No, no, t'is death unto him, out he muſt,
To keep the Money in his Purſe from ruſt:
Novum and *Paſſage*, ſcoure his Mettal bright,
Mew-cut even makes a Beggar of him right.
Look, heere's the beſt Apparel that I have,
The very Wedding Gown my Father gave:
He never gave me yet a pair of Gloves,
I am beholding more to other Loves
Then unto him, in honeſt manner tho,
And (Gossips) I beſeech you take it ſo.

There

14 *A Crew of kind London Gossips.*

There are kind Gentlemen, some two or three,
 And they indeed my loving Kinsmen be,
 Which will not see me want I know it I,
 Two of them at my house in Terme time lie,
 And comfort me with jests and odd device,
 When as my Husband's out a nights at Dice:
 For if I were without a merry Friend,
 I could not live a twelve-month to an end:
 One of them gave me this same Ruffe of Lawn,
 It cost three pound, but last week in the Pawn.
 Do y' think my Husband would have been so free?
 Alas he never made so much of me.
 Nay, tother day at Church I spide a Hat,
 My mind and Eye was never off from that,
 The only fashion to content alone;
 Yet think you he would buy me such a one.
 No, I protest, but when I made the motion;
 Oh wife (said he) pray where was your Devotion?
 Go you to Church to find new Fashions out?
 Is this the Exercise you are about?
 In that same sacred Place (Ordaind for Prayer)
 Are you so void of fear and devout care?
 How now (quoth I) heer's Vice will Folly reach,
 Take in your Geese, the Fox begins to preach,
 What have we here: a morrified man?
 Is Dice and Cards become a Puritan?
 Oh admirable change, I pray *New-cut*,
 Into what gracious humor are you put?

And

And thus I fitted good-man Countenſeit,
For he had put me in a chafing heat,
And ſurely being mov'd, I home can ſpeak;
Some wit I have, a Knaviſh jeſt to break.
My Husband he was huſht, and went his way,
The Cox-comb Aſſe had not a word to ſay:
But out a doores he got exceeding grim,
Twas next day noon ere I ſet eyes on him.
This man will talk full well, and ſpeak of Heaven,
Yet leaves his loving wife at fix and ſeven:
Goes forth one day, and cometh home the next,
To prove this lawful ſure he hath no Text.
Wel, ere the week do end, I make no doubt,
But we ſhall have another falling out,
He croſs him he was never better croſt,
And put him in a heat againſt the Froſt
For that ſame Har, wherein he did me wrong,
(As you know what it is when women long)
He ſhall repent it (mark what I do ſay)
Ten times within a twelve month and a day,
He keep the reſt of that I have intended,
A little ſaid (they ſay) is ſoon amended,
But even as true as I was born a Maid,
I owe him that good turn which ſhall be paid.

The

*The Fifth Gossips complaint.*

Sure (quoth the fifth) *I* do not meane to flatter,
 Were all such Husbands hang'd, it made no
I have a sound card for a womans stay, (matter.
 Hee's drunk but once a week, that's e'ry day.
 Oh 'tis the filthiest man *I* do protest,
 That ever was of giddy pate possess:
 Himself all day in Taverns he bestowes,
 And comes to bed at night in spoos and hose;
 And there he lies as clea ly as a Hog,
 Perfum'd as sweet as any stinking Dog;
 With filthy leaves he smoaks his head withal,
 Such weeds as *Indians* do *Tobacco* call:
 But sure as *Black-amores* look outward skin,
 So Colliet-like are *English-men* within,
 That take such trash: for there be Doctors say,
 The Memory of Man it doth decay,
 And poysoning the Brain, it makes it dul,
 When loathsome Vapors fills each passage full.
I am a woman, yet He undertake,
 The credit of this fire-work quite to shake,
 Gainst any Master-gunner of the trade
 No reason in the world that can perswade,

Virtue

Virtue remaineth in a little smoak,
That to our senses doth offence provoke;
Hold but your face where wood a kindling lies,
Apply the Medicine to your nose and eyes,
Into your mouth let it have passage free,
And note how welcome this same stuffe will be,
Fye, out upon't, it makes a filthy smell,
My nose likes a *Sin-reverence* as well:
I think a thousand times I do complain,
And tell my husband that he should refrain
This making of a Chimney of his Nose,
He had a breath as sweet as any Rose,
Before he used this same scvry trick,
But now if I do kiss him I am sick,
With this same fough; beshrow your heart say I
Tobacco stinks, you poyson me, I die.
Then what does he, but saies, go hang thee *Quean*,
This wholesome Physick keeps my body clean,
He take it for to anger thee withal:
Then for a Candle and a Pipe hee'll call:
A Trencher Whore, let there a Rush be got,
Some Paper make the Fire-shovel hot,
A Knife, some Match, and reach a little Wyre,
A Tinder-box, fetch me a coal of Fire.
Why heere's a stir, what woman can endure it?
And yet this life I have (*Gossips*) assure it.
But now and then I fit him in his kind,
When any smoaky stuffe of his I find:

C

For

For when I meet with his *Tobacco* Box,
 I send it to the Privy with a Pox,
 Then hee't go raging up and down, and swear,
 He misseth such most rare and hollome gear,
 The like did never grow on *India* ground,
 And every Ounce for goodness worth a pound.
 Thus doth he live, and make a dayly course
 To smoak himself, keeping an empty purse,
 With Bear, Wine, and *Tobacco*; what cares he,
 Sink I; or swim, it matters not for me.
 Is this a life, judge Gossips, judge I pray?
 My discontent succeedeth day by day.
 When first I married with this drunken drone,
 I was a proper wench it is well known:
 And though I say't that should not, one or other,
 In all our Parish was not such another,
 I did refuse as handsome men and wise,
 As ever girdle girt, let that suffice.
 And if good fortune I had not withstood,
 I might in Conscience sure have worn a Hood.
 My Husband had as much with me (that Curr)
 As Mistress *Susans* husband had with her:
 Besides I know all you that are in place,
 Will judge that I have farr a better face,
 More proper body, and for hand and foot
 Ile put her down, and give her legs to boot:
 Yet notwithstanding my good parts, you see
 How Lady-like she is maintain'd to me.

But

But well, if I prove widdow ere I dye,
It shall go hard but I will look as high.



The Sixt Gossips Complaint.

(grief,

FRiends (quoth the sixt) each hath reveal'd her
Yet give me leave to think that mine is chief:
Would with your worst I might a Husband change
Sure I would think my hap less hard and strange.
Your five indeed are bad I must confess,
But mine is even the worst of all the Mess,
All yours may be endur'd, but tis a hell,
When men do love their Neighbours wives too
Think that I do not speak it of ill will, (well
(As true as this is Wine I mean to fill)
Not out of jealousie, take it not so,
Into that humor I did never grow:
I speak it Gossips (firstile drink) do y'hear?
Ey'n from the wrongs that I do know I bear,
My Husband's lewd, given to go astray,
His love to me now dayly doth decay;
Quite altered from the man that he hath bin,
Even given over to the fleshly sin.
There's not a Whore in *London*, nor about,
But he hath all the haunts to find her out.

C a

He

He knows the Panders that can fit his turn,
 And Baudes that help good fellows to the burn:
 Taffity Queans, and fine light silken Whores,
 That have the gift of Pox in their own powers,
 And can teach French in half a day by noon,
 As leacherous as a Monkey or Baboon:
 That dayly goe like Ladies in attire,
 And live by hackning out themselves to hire;
 More common rid, re-rid, and ridden over,
 Then any Jade betwixt *Gravesend* and *Dover*:
 And let me aske, what's such a one, or she
 With Fan and Mask? His Cozens all they bee.
 What's she that hath the Jewel in her hair,
 And on her back the Cobweb-Lawn, most rare,
 Having a Vintners bush upon her Head,
 All trim'd with Shoo-strings tawny, green and red,
 Whose fan weighs more, tride only by the Feather
 Then all her honest tricks, being joyn'd together?
 Forsooth his Cozen, shee's most neer of kin,
 This lying humor he is ever in.
 He hath all that to Villany belongs,
 The hugest number of such Bandy Songs,
 You even would wonder (*Cossips*, this is plain)
 That any man could bear them in his brain.
 He hath a Song cald, *Mistress will you do?*
 And, *My man Thomas did me promise*, too,
 He hath the *Pinnacle* rigd with silken saile,
 And *Pretty Birds*, with *Garden Nightingale*,

*He tye my Mare in thy ground a new way ,
Worse then the Players sing it in the Play ,
Bess for abuses , and a number more ,
That you and I have never heard before.
And these among those Wenches he doth learn ,
Which by activity their livings earn.
His Crownes upon them frankly he bestowes ,
Not caring for his wife , or how she goes :
Let me complain for any kind of stufte ,
What answers he ? thy cloathes are good enough ,
I like thee well and should if thou went'st worse ,
These are his cogging tricks to save his Purse ;
So he may spare to spend it upon me ,
He never doth regard on whom it be.
Let me but walk with him along the streer ,
Tis wonderful how many he doth meet
That do salute him , looking all like Queans ;
But then hee scarcely speak by any means ,
Only he winks on them , and passes by ,
Making account , *The blind eats many a Fly.*
But I can smell the knavery of him out ,
And very shortly (I do make no doubt)
To rake him napping , I have layd a plot
Shall cool the Gentleman is grown so hot.
I say no more , there's somewhat in the wind ,
The Cat oft winks , and yet she is not blind.
All friends , no words , be merry : come who drinke
Little our goodmen knows what their wives thinks*

22 *A Crew of kind London Gossips.*

Let's point a rime when we shall meet again
And she that fails, we will enjoyne this pain,
Five Shillings spent in Wine, Gossips pawn down;
And to give good example, theres my Crown,



The Husbands Answers in their
own defence.

The first Husbands Answer.

THere is an ancient Proverb us'd of old,
The first Tale's good until the next be told :
A Lyers tongue, is tearmed falsehoods mint,
We have been slandered by our Wives in Print,
Yet have been silent it appears too long,
The world may censure we have done them
Because with silence it hath past away. (wrong,
But Gentlemen now give us leave, I pray
To use Apology, and by no means
Give credit to such cunning crafty Queans :
For they have slandered us, upon our lives ;
The case may be your own, if you have Wives :
And therefore be not partially inclin'd,
But hear the matter with indifferent mind,

A

A Tavern for their party they did chuse,
And there (forsooth) as prating Gossips use,
Like *Cato's* wife, they presently be led,
To utter all that comes into their head.
And first my *Jane* (a very prating Dame)
Of sparing, and of hardness, doth me blame:
She wanteth Money (as she sayes) to spend:
Sirs, can a man get Coyn unto that end?
My Purse (she says) is slowly coming out,
But her Hand is too nimble thereabout;
Sheel set it going, she can make it fly,
And if I speak, she answers, *What care I?*
He be maintained Gentle-woman like:
Then bends her fist as if she meant to strike,
That sometime I am glad to speak her fair
For quietness: and tis in honest care,
To have command, only by manly carriage,
For I do know the civil wars of Marriage
Too well, by divers of my Neighbours lives,
That are ore-matcht in combat with their Wives;
Blowes therefore we do never put in ure,
But a Shrowes tongue I dayly do endure.
Give me some Money; Money is her song,
She loves to be a spending all day long.
Housholders judge, if all things be not dear,
She gets me not a Penny in a year,
And spends me pounds a week, yet still complains
That never taketh any other pains

24 *A Crew of kind London Gossips:*

But starch a Ruff, and fit and prick a clout,
Then walk abroad; this work she goes about,
Shall I maintain an ydle Huswife so?
There's not an honest man but will say no.
He that doth let his wife have what she will,
Being a Fool, sheel keep him Woodcock still.
No, Ile be head, my title Ile not lose, (knows.
Shee's well maintaînd as all my Neighbours
Nay, Ile be sworn it makes my Purse-strings crack
To ruffle her in her Pride, and gown her back:
She hath six Gowns for wearing ne're the worse,
I would I had five of them in my Purse:
But tis her humour, and it must be thus;
Pride pleaseth them how ere it pincheth us:
There's not a new-found roy, if once they crave it,
Poor Husbands shall not rest until they have it.



The Second Husbands Answer.

MAsters, you hear my Huswife wants her will,
She tels her Gossips I do use her ill:
And yet she doth confesse that I am kind,
In letting her have Money to her mind:
Yet that's not all the Gentlewomans longing,
There's other matter to her humors wronging.
She

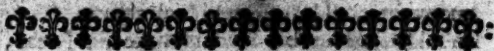
She would be Master to command in all,
Do what she list; check me: marry and shall.
She sayes I cross her, but she crosses me
In my affairs, still busy she will be:
I must yield her account whither I go,
In every thing, Good-man why do you so?
This likes not me, prethee let's have it thus,
I scorn to see my Neighbour put down us;
We will have Plate as rich as they have any,
And yet not be beholding for a penny.
How like an Assie my foolish Husband goes?
Buy me a Sattin Doblet to them Hose.
I can be well content with going plain,
But that my wife is of another vain:
She swears she will go brave, I shall Maintain her,
Or 'tis an Argument I do Disdain her;
And that her only care to go so fine,
Is but for credit both of hers and mine.
Indeed by this my credit sure is tride,
For I owe Money to maintain her Pride.
With Mercers Books I am acquainted still,
And large I furnish out the Taylors Bill.
This is the only credit that I get,
For Bravery to run my self in Debt.
And when I tell her private twixt us too,
Wife let's be wise, these courses will not do,
You do not go according to my purse,
In Parish charges I shall speed the worse,

We

We must be wise, if you far meener went,
It would best please: pray who should you content
But me? Therefore go to your husbands mind,
And I shall take it (Love) most wondrous kind.
Oh on the suddain how sheel rage and swear,
That none in *London* baser mind doth bear,
Sheel call me Gill, and sit her down and cry,
Then out in tearms, what cursed hap had I
Weary I am of this same wretched life,
Wouldst thou have me go like an Oyster wife?
Oh scurvey minded man, I even scorn thee,
And could find in my heart base slave to () thee.
Goest thou about to offer this disgrace?
I would that I had never known thy face;
When first I saw thee, surely I was mad,
For choice of fourteen proper men I had;
Yea, even as handsome creatures to mine eye,
As ere was girt in Girdles, ('tis no lye)
And yet I left them all to marry thee.
What greater cross then this, could light on me,
To have a Fellow grumbling at me still,
And all I have, comes from him 'gainst his will:
O wretch, O Lob, who would be thus beclown'd?
I deserve better for two Hundred Pound.
Two hundred pound in Gold my Father gave,
To match me with this miserable Knave,
VWhom with my very heart I do disdain.
Oh would my Bargain were to make again,
Then

Then I would flout it, I would cut it out,
And wiser, ere I leapt would look about:
I would have none but I would make him swear,
That when I list, I might the Breeches wear:
My Sisters life is happy, I may say,
Her Husband dares not cross her any way,
She says, in's life he never gave her check,
But can have any thing even with a beck:
And why not I attain the like degree,
That am as proper (I am sure) as she?
Nay, and a little fairer too, I know,
Who sees both Faces, he will swear 'tis so,
But well, within my head I have a trick,
Some have their foreheads swell that be not sick.
Ile have my will to be maintain'd in all,
And if one will not, then another shall.
Masters how like you this? judge I beseech,
(On Monday last this was her very speech)
Nay, and she stands unto it wondrous bold,
The first Tale's good untill the next be told,
Upon my life, this is a womans vaine,
To wrong her husband first, and then complain.

The

*The third Husbands Answer.*

BEware a Widdow, Oh that I were free,
 Such mischief never more should light on me:
 Ile pawn my heart, yea even my dearest blood,
 Not one amongst five hundred that proves good.
 They are not kind, they cannot right be said,
 To have such pure affection as a Mayd:
 Ile stand to it, and bring my Wife to swear it,
 And Batchelers beleive it, you that hear it,
 Though I (till death do Bayl me) am fast bound,
 (*Would t'were to morrow for five hundred pound*)
 Yet by my harmes, I would have you escape,
 That have a Divel in a womans shape:
 A woman-Divel, and a Divel-wife,
 That makes me weary of a Husbands life.
 I cannot speak with tongue, nor write with pen,
 The woful state of such distressed men
 As I my self; yet somewhat may suffice,
 To paint her in this Paper to your eyes:
 That those which with such creatures would be do-
 May by my pattern, go to Hell a woing. (ing
 She is most impudent and shameless bold,
 Since I was born, I ne're heard such a Scold.

When

When she is up, she rayles me out of dore,
When I come in, she sayleth ten times more:
If I intreat her, she will swear and curse,
If I say nothing, she growes worse and worse:
I am as patient as a man can be,
When this vile woman thus tormenteth me.
If I be hungry and demand some meat,
Sheele with me choack't with the next bit I eat,
Then with a dogged countenance will say,
Spight of my heart I shall her leisure stay.
If I do reason mildly with her then,
For every word I speak, she gives me ten,
And tells me of her t'other husbands praise,
With whom she lived all her happy daies,
That he would weep, even at her finger ake,
And to content her any pains would take.
He was the kindest loving man alive,
And day and night to please his wife would strive:
Then wishes in his grave with him she lay,
Amen, think I that were my happy day.
For sure a man that's match't with such a wife,
Hath but two happy daies in all his life.
The first of them's the day whereon they marry,
For then the thing for which they long did tarry,
With wishing and much expectation still,
Is with great joy effected to their will.
The second merry day we married have,
Is when our wives are carried to their grave:

For

For we are freed from former thraldome then,
And shaking off the yoke, become free men.
Then we may joy that we have got release,
Attayning to a Bachelers sweet peace,
When Serpent dies, adue poyson and sting?
When my wife's gone, farewell venomous thing,
But tha'ts not like to be a long time yer,
Death is too slow in challenging his debt,
Such happines to me it will not bring,
She will live longer then a better thing.
The other day a cunning pranck she plaid,
One of her Gossips she brought to perswade,
That I should furnish her in hast to ride
Unto a Gentlewoman ne'r allyed
Vnto my wife; to see her being sick:
I did it, but was couzen'd by the trick,
It was her Cozen as the both gave out;
But sure they kindred made of me, I doubt,
I sent one after them to be my spie,
An honest friend I know, that will not lye:
He saies both Gentleman and countrey Boore,
Abroad report my Cosin is a Whore,
And she hath Gallantes haunt her far and near:
What should my wife and her consort do there?
No goodness sure? a mischief take them both:
To wear a pair of hornes I would be loath.
But who can help, the deed once being done,
It is a thred so close with cunning spun,

But

But masters, keep it secret I do pray,
Do not acquaint my wife with what I say:
Hark in your eare, *If I can prove her so,*
Ile be divorc'd, and farewell all my woe:
I do intend to let her have full scope,
And then a Whore will prove a Whore I hope:
Let her keep company with whom she list,
Let her suppose mine eyes be dimn'd with mist,
Let her not care into what sin she sinks,
Ile come upon her when she little thinks:
And where she takes me for a silly Mome,
For all her knav'ry, then ile pay her home.

*The Fourth Husbands Answer.*

MY prating Goss must have answer next,
I beyond reason with a wife am vext,
At first a Beggar, once scarce worth a Loue,
Whom I have made the Mistress of my house:
Even my Mayd, a very Kitchin Drudge,
Of whose conditions I intreat you judge:
Dayly till ten a clock a bed she lyes,
And then against her Ladiship doth rise,
Her Maid must make a Fire, and attend
To make her ready, then for Wine sheel send,

A

(A morning Pint) she saies her Romack's weak ;
And counterfeits as if she could not speak ,
Until eleven or a little past ;
About which time, ever she breaks her fast :
Then (very sullen) she will pout and louge,
And sit down by the Fire some half an houre,
At twelve a clock her dinner time she keeps ,
Then gets into her chair , and there she sleeps
Perhaps till four, or somewhat thereabout ,
And when that lazy humor is worn out ,
She calls her dog, and takes him in her lap ,
Or falls a beating of her Maid (perhap)
Or hath a Gossip come to tell a tale ,
Or else at me sheel curse, and swear , and raile ;
Or walk a turn or two about the Hall ,
And so to supper and to bed ; heers all
The pains she takes : And yet I do abuse her ,
But no wise man I think, so kind would use her :
I am a Fool to suffer that I doe ,
Yet love and kindness leads me so thereto ,
I cannot choose but yield unto her still ,
This makes bad wives to have their will :
And thus they grow from evil unto worse ,
Yet when I do intend another course ,
It will not be, she shews her cunning Art ,
It over-comes my honest, true, kind heart :
Sometimes her looks will carry such a sway ,
That for my life I cannot say her nay :

Some

A Crew of kind London Gossips. 33

Sometimes her tears do charm me in such wise,
That I give credit to deceiving eyes.
Sometimes her words in such great force do stand
I yeild to every thing she doth demand:
And sometimes her outrageous madding fits,
Makes me as mad as she, beside my wits.
And where she saies I am a Gamster, fits;
'Tis but a villanous device of hers,
That men should of this hard opinion be,
If that we do not thrive, 'tis long of me.
Believe it not, alas it doth appear,
That I play scarce at Tables in a year.
Dice I protest, and Cards as much I hate,
Neither am I, as she saies, out so late,
As was reported when your wives and she
At Vintners Hall, were making their tongues free.
What is it, that such rattling Gossips dare not?
To wrong their husbands, nay (themselves) they
For rather then with silence they will sit, (care not
Against themselves they'll utter out their wit,
As my wife did in one complaint she made,
About a har that I to her deni'd,
'Twas her devotion at the Church to spy it,
And there continually (she sayes) she ey'd it,
With great affection, yet by me deni'd.
Where were your thoughts, on Prayer, or else on Pride?
This shewes what follies they do entertaine,
And that their speeches (like themselves) be vain.

D

All

All men that know what creatures Women are,
 For taling of their wives do little care.
 'Tis but a breath, even like Tobacco smoke,
 Which if they should not tugger, they would choack
 If they conceive a thing within their mind,
 (Although the substance of it be but wind)
 It must be utt'ed forth, and have quick vent,
 Or with themselves they grow most discontent.
 Well, I am further charged with untruth,
 By this my male-contented female youth,
 She saies, I never gave her Gown: Oh lye,
 Who paid for that last week? belike not I.
 I give her Money still, and she buyes Stuffe,
 But now I smell a Rat; I have enough.
 Belike some Gallants do their bounty shew
 And for her kindness, kindness they bestow.
 She trafficks with them, changing wrack for ware,
 And so money in her Purse doth spare.
 It may be thus, and now I much suspect,
 Unto my Brows He have a more respect.
 I have been troubled much with Head-ach late,
 Something I fear doth swell about my face.
 Most curiously I will observe the thing,
 If it do bud, as now tis toward the Spring,
 I will not be a Winter and an Ass,
 But even now Summer turn my wife to grass.
 The



The First Husbands Answer.

Heer's a brave world indeed if this gear hold,
When honest men by flurs are thus con-
In absence, to have credit overthrow, (trould:
And we made Guls for them to play upon,
Shall we endure it, and be made fools full:
No, Ile curb mine, upon my life I will,
And keep her somewhat shorter in a door,
A Tavern tell-tale she shall be no more,
Neighbours, I think you know me, all here,
Although I love a cup of Wine or Beer:
And as good Fellow, sometime made therewith,
Yet did you never see me *Sing the Smith:*
Did any of you ever know me reel?
Or in a storme of Wine turn up the heel?
In all your lives did any see me so,
That with these pair of legs I could not go?
Pray speak my Masters, for I may mistake,
A man will venter much for good wines sake,
But if I have been sometimes over-hot,
In calling for too much by t'other pot:
Shall my wife chatter till her tongue be weary,
And tearme me Drunkard when I am but merry?

D 2

Will

36 *A Crew of kind London Gossips.*

Will any loving wife be so unkind?
 Or doth not duty and good manners binde
 A woman to forbear, to wink, and hide,
 And not to rayle, to slander and to chide,
 She might have said in private certainly,
 Husband, last night you sung a pot too hie,
 Or my dear love, pray thee where hast thou bin?
 In truth (sweet-heart) you are a little in.
 All this were well, indifferent to be born:
 But shall she lay me open (as in scorn)
 To her companions scoffing at me so,
 As if I dayly could not stand nor go?
 She tearms me *Sound card for a woman stay,*
Drunk once a week, and that is every day.
The filchiest drunkard (thus she doth protest)
That ever was of gaday brain possess.
 And further to the world she doth disclose,
That I come into bed in shoes and hose:
And horrible Tobacco do so drinks,
That she is almost poison'd with the stink.
 Well, this is good, but mark the end at last,
 In a new mould this woman I will cast,
 Her tongue in other order I will keep,
 Better she had been in her bed asleep,
 Then in a Tavern, when those words she spake.
 A little pains with her I mean to take:
 For she shall find me in another tune,
 Between this February and next June:

In

A Crew of kind London Gossips

378

In sober sadness I do speak it now,
And to you all I make a solemn vow,
The cheifest Art I have I will bestow,
About a worke cald raming of the Shrow.
It makes my heart to fret, my looks to frown,
That we should let our wives thus put us down,
But for mine own part I have now decreed,
To do a good and charitable deed,
If she begin her former course a fresh,
I have a trick to mortify her flesh:
Unto you all example I will give,
Perhaps you'l thank me for it while you live,
But for your selves, to nothing Ile perswade,
Because the blame on me shall not be laid:
Other mens Wives I mean to let alone,
I shall have work enough to rame mine own.



The Sixt Husbonds Answer.

FRiends to conclude, beleive my word in this,
No kind of Cross like a bad woman is:
I know your hands are full, Neighbours 't is true,
And I my self make one as well as you;
I share in Shrow indifferently well,
Ope that doch make my house resemble Hell:

D 3

Be-

38. *A Crew of kind London Gossips.*

Because her diuellish nature is so bad,
 No quietness can at her hands be had,
 Will you beleive me? Sirs I will not lye,
 She hath the most accursed jealous eye
 That euer I have known, or euer shall:
 And I perceiue that heer's none of you all
 Equal with me, for wicked womans flesh;
 Sheel'e rayle all day, at night begin a fesh,
 And with that rane into her bed she lies,
 Scolds in her sleep, and scoldes when she doth rise.
 And why is this think you? Marry Ile tell;
 She saies, *I love my Neighbours wives too well;*
 But if I were this instant hour to dye,
 Ile take it on my death that she doth lye.
 Sometimes I ask my neighbours how they do,
 Give them a Pint, (perhaps) and kiss them too:
 Why what of this? and if a man do so,
 May't not be done, and yet no evil grow;
 Kinkness may lead a man unto kind carriage,
 And yet he may be constant in his marriage;
 But for my wife I do not care a pin,
 What scurvy mind soeuer she be in,
 To slander me with Whores; my credit's known
 She hath a lying tongue (friends) of her own
 To say that I bad houses do frequent,
 And there on Common whores my love is spent.
 I neuer was in Baudy house but twice;
 And there indeed a friend did me intice

To see some fashions; only there we drink,
And saw a gallant Quean, her name was *Frank*,
In a silk Gowne, loote bodyed, so was she;
Not that I ride her, but as they told me,
She gave us good *Tabacco*, sweet, and strong,
And of meer kindness sung a bawdy song;
This I protest was even all we did,
Yet (Oh) when I came home, how I was chid;
Some Rascal told my Wife, that ought me spight,
And I was villain'd for it sound at night:

And ever since if any strife arise,
She asketh me where *Missis Francies* lies;
Calls her my whore, and saies that I and shee,
Both of a hair and of a humor be.
But well, it skills not; let her calk and spare not,
I have set down my rest, in troth I care not;
I see it is no wisdom any way,

To storm in minde at that which women say:
Their mouths cannot contain their tongues within
For when they're Maydes, ere wedlock they be-
At every meeting then they do discover
The disposition of each kind of lover.

Jane hath a proper handsome man in troth,
Bue *Judith* is not half so kind a youth;
Nan knowes not what a Jewel she hath got,
But *Dorothea* sweeter heart, I like him not.
Thus being Maides, they do their Lovers use,
And being wives their husbands they abuse.

40 *A Crew of kind London Gossips*

Therefore in this case, let us be content;
Tis now too late our Bargains to repent;
But let us hope they'le shortly to their Grave,
And then we quiet lives a piece shall have:
And he to whom kind *Death* this freedom gives
Let him take heed of wiving while he lives.

*The End of the six Gossips and their
Husbands.*

T H E

Censure of the Batcheler and the Mayd,
upon the former complaints.

Batchelour.

GOOD Sister Mayde, I am amaz'd in mind,
To hear that married wives deal thus unkind
Against their husbands, when the Gossips meet:
Me thinks to live still Batcheler is sweet,
For what I read heere of their jarring strife,
Makes me afraid to enter married life.

Mayde.

Friend Batchelour, I do not blame your care,
But do confess it's fit you should beware
How you do match your self unto a Shrow;
For there's too many of that kind, I know:
But seeing men in wit put women down,
And there be civil wenches in the town;

Me

Me thinks a wise man may embrace the one,
And let the Gossips with long tongues alone.

Batchelor.

Wench thou saiest true; but how can we do this
When such false shows with woman-kind there is?
Still humor them, and have most sweet behaviour
But cross their follies, worse then Gall they savour.
Why thou thy self (I speak it to thy praise)
Art a kind creature, all that know thee sayes;
Yet is it doubtful, when th'art once a wife,
How with a Husband thou wilt lead thy life.

Maid.

Brother, tis true; but ist not so with you,
That are of this same smooth-fac'd civel crew?
Love's in your lips, your eyes, your smiles, your
And yet all this, from cunning may be sprung:
As you of us, so we of you, make doubt;
But both must venture ere we find it out,
And marry for it: But chuse Mayden love,
For Widdows alwaies prating Gossips prove,
Upon their former Marriage, bold they bear them
In truth we Maides are oft asham'd to hear them:
But I will cease and end with blushing fears,
Least I do bring them all about mine ears:
For some of them will swagger worse then men,
So farewell brother, till we meet agen.

Batcheller.

Thanks gentle Sister, thou hast taught me wit,

lle

He nere have widdow, heer's my hand on it :
 Lets get good-will of Father and of Mother,
 And then weel e marry, and go try each other.

The Fools request of his Master.

AN aged Gentleman sore sicke did lie
 Expecting life, that could not choose but die:
 His Foole came to him, and intreateth thus,
 Good Master ere you go away from us,
 Bestow on *Jack* (that oft hath made you laugh)
 Against he waxeth old, your walking-staffe.
 I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is :
 But on condition *Jack*, which shall be this;
 If thou doe meere with any while thou live,
 More Foole then thou, the Staffe thou shalt him
 Master quoth he upon my life I will; (give
 But I do hope that I shall keep it still.
 Whend death drew near, and faintness did proceed
 His Master calls for a Divine with speed,
 For to prepare him unto Heavens way.
 The Fool start up and hastily did say
 O Master, Master / take your staffe again
 That proves your self the most Fool of us twain:
 Have you liv'd now, some fourscore years and od,
 And all this time are unprepar'd for God;
 VVhat greater fool can any meet withal
 Then one that's ready in the Grave to fall,

And

And is to seek about his soules estate,
When death is opening of the Prison gates;
Bearewitness friends that I discharge me plain,
Heer Master, heer, receive your state again:
Upon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me, I fortake it:
And over and above, I will bestow,
This Epitaph, which shall your folly show.
*Here lies a man, as death did heaven claim:
But in his life he never sought the same.*



The Devils complaint to the Quack.

THe Diuel did complain he was not well,
And would go take some Physick out of Hell.
To *England, France and Spain*, with speed he gon:
Where all refus'd him he did burn so hot:
In hast he then to *Germany* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-salver* to try:
Where in Market place upon a Stage,
He found a fellow could all griefs allwage:
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I do find I am exceeding ill:
And any thing for ease, I will endure,
What, wilt thou undertake my pain to cure?

IF

If thou canst ease the Malady I have, (crave
 Thou shalt have Gold even what thy self doth
 Gentleman (said this Doctor to the Devil)
 Upon my life He rid you of your evil;
 Make unto me those griefs you have but known,
 And with curing them, let me alone. (ake,
 Why Sir (quoth he) my Head with Horns doth
 My brains doth Brimstone-like Tobacco take;
 My eyes are full of ever-burning Fire,
 My tongue a drop of Water doth desire;
 About my heart doth crawling Serpents creep,
 And I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep:
 There's no Diseases what so ere they be,
 But I have all of them impos'd on me:
 All torments that the tongue of man can name,
 Within, without in a continual flame,
 Quoth the *Quack-salver*, Sir, Ile undertake,
 A sound man of you within a month to make:
 Wilt please your Worship shew me where you
 Marry-(quoth he) my chamber is in hell: (dwell
 Thy charges in the Journey I will beare,
 And Ile prefer thee to the Devil there:
 With speed get up, Ile take thee on my back,
 The world may spare you, and in Hell we lack,

One good turn asketh another.

O Ne put a jest on's wife, whose name I shew not
To try her wit or patience, which I know not.
Walking together they a wench did meet,
A proper one, of beavry passing sweet,
Of whom unto his wife (my love he said)
Behold and note well yonder dainry Mayd,
She was my Mistreis ere I met with thee,
A kinder creature I did never see,
So affable and gentle in her loving,
That of her like I never had the proving,
But she hath one good imperfection,
Neglecting even her credits chief protection:
For what we wantons ever did amiss,
She told her mother even to a kiss.
Husband, quoth she, that proves your wench a fool
My self am better taught in *Femal* School,
For ere I met with you I lov'd young-men,
And we had meetings roo like Cock and Hen:
But I was never such a silly as
To tell my mother what good sport did pass:
Troth wife (quoth he) I hope you do but jest;
Husband (said she) because plain dealings best.
If you mean earnest, or your self belye,
Just in the humor you are, so am I.

The

*The Precise Wench.*

ONe came to court a Wench which was pre-
 And by the spirit did the flesh despise, (cite
 Mooving a secret match between them too;
 But she in looth and sadness would not do:
 He did reply; so sweet a fair as she
 Made of the stuffe as all fraile Women be,
 Ought by the Law of Nature, to be kind,
 And shew her self to bear a womans minde.
 Well Sir (quoth she) you men do much prevail
 With cunning speeches, and a pleasing tale;
 Tis but a folly to be ov'r nice,
 You shall: but twenty shillings is my price:
 A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
 Come such a time and I am for you: so,
 Well, he took leave, and with her husband met,
 Told him by Bond he was to pay a debt:
 Increasing him to do so good a deed,
 As lend him twenty shillings at his need,
 Which very kind, he present did extend:
 And th' other willing on his wife did spend:
 So taking leave with her, he goes his waies:
 Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,
 And

And told him: Sir, I was at home to pay
The twenty shillings which you lent last day;
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I lent it, pray you with my boldness bear.
Tis well (quoth he) I am glad I did you pleasure
So coming home, questions his wife at leisure;
I pray sweet heart, was such a man with thee,
To pay two Angels, which he had of me?
She blush't and said, he hath been here indeed,
But you did ill to lend; Husband take heed:
The falsehood of the world you do not see,
It is not good to trust before we try;
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To have such knaves come hom to pay your wife.



The Mountebank.

C Gentlemen, that approach about my Stall,
To most rare Physick I invite you all;
Come neer and hearken what I have to sell;
And deal with me all those that are not well.
In this Box here, I have such precious stuff,
To give it praise I have not words enough;
If any hurt in your brains be crept,
He fetch it out as if your heads were swept;

Almost through *Europe* I have shown my face,
 In every Town, and every Market place:
 Behold this Salve, (I do not use to lye)
 Whole Hospitals there have been cur'd thereby.
 I do not stand here like a totter'd stave:
 My Velvet and my chain of Gold I have:
 Which cannot be maintained by men's looks
 Friends, all your Town is hardly worth my Books
 There stands my Coach and Horses, 'tis my own,
 From hence to *Turkey*, is my credit known:
 In sooth, I cannot boast as many will,
 Let nothing speak for me, but only skill:
 See you that thing like Ginger-bread lies there,
 My tongue cannot express to any care
 The sundry vertues that it doth contain,
 Or number but the worms that he hath slain.
 If in your bellies there be crawlers bred
 In multitudes like Hairs upon your head,
 Within some hours space, for thereabout,
 At all the holes you have, He fetch them out,
 And Forces them before that I have done:
 Even like the hair that forth a Bush doth run.
 Here is a wondrous water for the eye:
 This for the Stomack Masters, will you buy?
 When I am gone you will repent too late,
 And then like fools, among your selves will prate,
 Oh that we had that famous man again,
 VVhen I shall be supplied in *France* or *Spain*.
 Now

Now for a *Stover*, you a Box may have,
 That will the lives of halfe a dozen save,
 My man is come, and in mine ear he sayes,
 At home for me, at least an hundred stayes;
 All Gentlemen, yet for your good you see,
 I make them tarry and attend for me:
 If that you have no money let me know, w
 Physick of Almes, upon you he bestow. **T**
 What Doctor in the world can offer more? b n A
 Such arrant Clowns I never knew before, and o T
 Heer you do stand like Owles and gaze on me;
 But not a Penny from you I can see. **I**
 A man shall come to do such Dunces good, b n I
 And cannot have his meaning understood, o m A
 To talk to senceless people is in vain, j o n b b h
 He see you hang'd ere he come here again, d o T
 Be all diseas'd as bad as bootes be. **I**
 And die in Ditches like to Doggs for me, n o I
 An old wifes Medicine, Parsely, Time and Sage,
 Will serve such Buzzards, in this scurvy age, n I
 Goose-grease and Fennell with a few Dog-dates,
 Is excellent for such base lowlie Magers, n I
 Farwel, some Hempton Halt is the charm, o T
 To stretch your Necks as long as is my Arme, **I**



A Shark.

Two hungry Sharkes did trauail *Pauls*
 Until their guts eride out,
 And knew not how with both their wits
 To bring one meal about.
 Sayes one to rother, what coine hast?
 My famisht entrails groanes
 I finde bot hungry dyet here,
 Amongst these rotten bones.
 He did reply, faith not a Crofs
 To bless me in this case,
 I must go seek to mend my self,
 In some more whollsome place.
 And I but one poore penny have,
 In all the world is mine.
 (Quoth rother) but Ile try my wits
 How that can make me dine.
 So towards Smith-field he departs,
 Unto a Cooke thereby,
 And calleth for a Can of Beer,
 The boy comes presently,
 And brings it him: Sir said the youth
 Wil't please you eat a bit?

A Crew of kind London Gossips.

§ 1

He fetch a dainty slice of Beef
Is hot upon the spit.

Sirra (quoth he) *why do and t'woot* ;
Which nimble Jack did bring :

And he as nimbly eat it up,
Yet still his guts did wring.

Jack sees all gone, saies, Gentleman
Wilt please you tast good Cheese?

I boy *and t'woot* (quoth he again)

Thought Shark this well agrees

With my most woful stomachs flare,

So *Jack* with cheese comes in,

And that was soon devoured up,

Even as the Beef had been.

Being thus dispatcht he layes down *Jack*.

A Penny for the shot :

Sir what shall this do saies the boy ?

Why Rogne discharge my pot :

So much I cald for, but the rest

By me shall nere be paid,

For victuals thou didst offer me,

Do and t'woot I said.

Jack seeing he no more would pay

Unto his Master went,

And told him there was one within,

That had much victuals spent,

And would not see the house discharged :

The Cook unto him goes

E 2

Re-

Requesting him of curtesie,
 To pay the debt he owes.
 Sir said the Swaggerer, I protest,
 I cald but for a Can,
 According to the Coyn I had,
 As I am a Gentleman,
 My hunger was exceeding great,
 Your boy did offer Beef,
 And bread, and Cheese, which when I heard
 Unto my stomacks grief,
 Quoth I, why bring it boy *and t'more*
 Leaving it to his will;
 Which he did bring, as if he meant
 My hungry corps to fill.
 I could not chuse but feed thereon,
 (This is the truth mine Host)
 Yet score it up, when God sends coyne
 I will discharge your Poast.
 The Cooke sees nothing to be had,
 Lets him depart away:
 Who after meets his fellow Sharke,
 In Pauls againe next day,
 And told him how exceeding well,
 He for his penny feed
 On roasted beef, good bread and Cheese,
 Only for that he fed.
 Perthee (quoth he) but tell me where?
 That Host shall sure be mine,

Marry

Marry (saies he) in such a place,
A Cook at such a signe,
Go there and call but for a can,
And ther's a dapper knave,
Comes, Gentleman, what dainty bit
For diet will you have?
A stately peece of roasted Beef,
Fine cheese, what will you eat?
Then say you, Sirrah *I and t'woot*,
You need not pay for's meat.
Oh excellent (quoth he) Ile go,
Such simple fooles to gull
And spend a peece with all my heart,
To fill my belly full.
Away he walkes unto the house,
To feed him on the jest,
Sirrah (sayes he) a Can of Beer,
And look you bring the best.
The Boy according to his use,
Returns with nimble speed,
Saying, gentleman i'ft your desire
On fine roast beef to feed?
Fine beef (quoth he) *I boy and t'woot*,
The boy runs down amaine:
Cries Mr. come, bring *Tom and George*,
Heer's *I and t'woot* again.
His Master brings up both his men,
In all the hast might be:

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and I and s'war he basted so,
 le had no eyes to see,
 hey larded and begreas'd his bones,
 Until his shoulders sweat:
 And gave him sowre sawce good store,
 Vnto his fellows meat.



A Cuckold,

A Ciry wanton full of pride and lust,
 Of *Venus* straine and disposition just,
 (That could her husband on the fore-head strike,
 And make his brow to swell *Adonis* like,
 Yet he poor silly man, ne're felt it smart,
 But took all kind that came from his sweet heart)
 Had two choyse friends to spore her self withal,
 Two Cofins, you may Cuckold-makers call:
 The one a Captain and a martial wight,
 Was Champion in his Mistress cause to fight,
 And for the service that he did by day,
 She did reward him with a nightly pay.
 The other was a Courtier, Gallant, Brave,
 That great content unto her sweet person gave:
 Her deer *Adonis* quick and pleasant witted;
 With these, the vertuous Citizen was fitted.

To

To them she gave kind entertainment still,
Having a maid sorted unto her will,
Which for her service she did much applaude,
Being her Mistress crafty cunning Baude,
A trusty messenger from one to other,
Who for her pains got many, and the tother,
They call *good turn*, which *Betris* would not leese
Because her service did deserve such fees.
The Courtier having one time understood
By Cuckolds absence, how the time was good,
To go a Grafting hies him to the place
Where he might give loves Mistress loves embrace.
While he was in his Courtly Complements:
The Maid comes in, and heavy news presents,
Saying the Captain was a coming in,
Which to the Courtier ever foe had bin,
For they bare hatred of a jealous spire,
And each had vowd where e're they met, to fight.
Oh love (quoth she) creep underneath the bed,
This is no fighting place, sweet hide thy head,
For love of Christ keep you unseen asunder;
Well for this time (quoth he) I will creep under;
Because thy name in question shall not be,
Else would I die on him for love of thee.
So up comes Captain, and he falls to court,
With speech befitting *Mars* and *Venus* sport;
Kinde love (quoth he) now *Vulcan* is not here,
I'll claim the rights befitting Love (my dear).

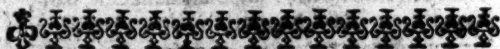
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Had I the Countess here lov'd thee before,
 While we were busie, he should keep the door,
 Or I would make incision in his guts,
 And carve his carcass tull of wounds and cuts.
 With that, the Maid again comes up the stairs,
 Crying dear Mistress now begins our cares,
 My Master's coming, what shift will you make?
 Now hold out wit, tis for our credits sake:
 Captain (quoth she) to rid all doubt and fear,
 Unto my counsel lend a willing ear,
 Put but in practise what I shall devise,
 And on my life no prejudice will rise,
 Draw out your weapon, and go swearing down,
 Look terrible (I need not teach you frown)
 And vow you'le be reven'd some other time,
 And then leave me, to make the reason rhyme,
 I will saies he, so down the stairs he goes,
 With Rapier drawn, such fearful looks he shoves
 The Cuckold trembles to behold the sight,
 And up he comes as he had met some spright,
 Ah (wife said he) what creature did I meer?
 Hath he done any harme to thee my sweet?
 A verier Russian I did never see,
 The sight of him almost distracted me.
 My loving husband, as I heer sat sowing,
 Thinking no harme or any evil knowing,
 A Gentleman comes up the stairs amain,
 Crying, oh help me or I shall be slain:

I of compassion husband (life is deer)
Under your bed in pitty hid him heer,
His foe saught for him with his Rapier drawn:
While I with tears did wash this peice of Lawn.
But when he saw he could not find him out,
(After he tossed all my things about)
He went down swaggering even as you met him,
My saving the poor man so much did fret him.
A blessed deed (quoth he) it proves thee wise,
Alas the Gentleman uneasie lies,
Wife call him forth, I hope all danger's past,
Good *Bettors* look that all the doors be fast,
Sir you are welcome to my house I vow,
I joy it is your Sanctuary now,
And count my self most happy in the thing,
That such good fortune did you hither bring.
Sir (said the Courtier) hearty thanks I give,
I will requite your kindness if I live;
But know not how to gratifie your wife
For this great favour, saving of my life:
Yet Gentlewoman this assurance take,
Some satisfaction I in part will make,
If not in whole accept a willing minde,
That vows to honour all your sex and kinde:
More loving far in heart then men you be,
Extending your affections bounteous, free;
Most affable and pittifull by nature,
The worlds even supream all excellling creature

Fond

Fond men unjustly do abuse your names,
 With slanderous speeches and most false defames,
 They lye, and rayle, and envies poyson spit,
 But those are mad-men that do offer it,
 They that enjoy their wit and perfect sence,
 Wil hate the heart should breed a thoughts of-
 Accounting it a womans greater honor, (sence
 To have a senceless fool exclaine upon her,
 Farewel my lifes Protector, health attend thee,
 With what I have I ever will befriend thee.

*A Merry Fools bolt.*

THe Duke of *Branswick* had a Natural,
 Whom all the Court did, sotten *Ioris* call,
 That of simplicity when he meant best:
 Performed many a merry harmeless Jest,
 His Master had a Parrot he lov'd much,
 That spake *Italian, Spanish, French* and *Dutch*:
 The praise of which Bird, oft he would report,
 When Forraign Princes came unto his Court;
 Especially when he was set at meat,
 Which made the fool think, *Pall* was good to eat:
 And to resolve himself, he thought it best,
 To kill the Parrot, and to have it drest:

At's

At's hostes house, a little from the town,
But Parrot was so tough, it would not down :
Ioris in Choller to the Court did hie,
And told the Duke it was a shame to lye,
And praise a filthy carrion Parrot so, (Croe
Which was a thousand times worse meat then
Rogue (quoth the Duke) Ile head thee for this
Do not quoth *Ioris* then my neck will bleed, (deed

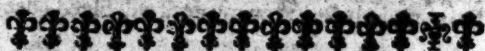


A Merry Fools Bolts.

THe foresaid Duke (a corpulent fat man,)
In sommers heat, was cooled with a Fan :
In th'afternoons (when usually he slept)
One of his Chamberlains a Fanning kept :
VWhich fellow overtaken with a stool :
Beckned in hast to *Ioris* the Dukes fool,
And softly said, preethee shake thou this Feather
Till I come back, and soon weel drink together :
VWell well, saies *Ioris*, and to work he goes,
At last a Fly lights on his Masters nose : (gone,
VWhereat he chafes, and sayes, you had best be
But still the Fly plaid with him off, and on.
VWhen he perceiv'd the Flie would give no place
He turn'd the Fan and strook i'ns Masters face,
The

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The blood ran down, the Duke starts up & swears
And all to beate the Fool about his ears.
O Villain (quoth he) hanging shall be thy dew;
Master (sayes *Ioris*) t'was my love to you,
A sawcy Fly upon your nose did stand,
And she would take no warning at my hand,



A Merry Fools Bolts.

ANother time, the Duke for recreation, (shion
Would ride and view the country life and fa-
Two Noble men with him in Coach there went,
And the Fool *Ioris* for their merriment:
Riding (along, as they to mirth apply)
The Fool brake out and let a cracker fly,
Which so perfum'd the Coach they turn'd him out,
And made him trot a foot ten mile about:
Next day, they all took horse, and *Ioris* rides,
Complaining woful of his legs and sides:
For he had plunged through thick and thin,
And a most tired case the fool was in:
But coming near his Journeys end at night,
His horse brake wind, whereat he straight did light
And presently the saddle did undoe, (too,
Now Rogue (quoth he) Ile teach you manners
As

As yesterday my Master dealt with me,
Thou beastly slave, so will I deal with thee:
Thou shalt ene walk on foot as I have done:
So took the Saddle let the Gelding run.

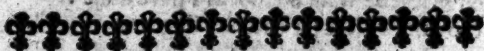


A merry Fools Ball.

Our merry fool, with one jest more wee'll leave
Which is, how he a Cut-purse did deceive;
Being at a Fair, where press was very great,
And Ioris in his best Fools-clothing neat:
Thrusting amongst them in a Velter coat,
Down to the Anckles: there did Cutpurse note,
Great Silver Buttons on his hanging sleeves,
And he would venter hanging, like all theeves,
But he would have them, how so ere he speed:
So follow'd Ioris close and did the deed,
And then away he prest and thrust along:
The fool bechance spying who did him wrong,
Layes hold of him, (who like a Cutpurse swears)
And with his knife, soon cut off one off's ears,
And held it in his hand, laughing amain,
Sa' yng, give my Buttons, take your ear again:
Goe, let the Surgion stitch it on, my friend,
He to a taylor, that my sleeve shall mend.

But

But Curpuse, Curpuse, bear this to your Grave
A Fool sometime may over-reach a Knave.



A Subtil Fools Bolt.

A *Lephusus* King of *Naples*, had a Iester,
 That did his Braines with Courtiers follies
 And kept a Register of all he see, ^{pester}
 (To prove in Court far greater Fools then he)
 The King one time desir'd to see his book,
 And as his Fools fools, he did over look,
 He found himself noted amongst the rest,
 And the occasion, thus therein expre'st:
 Himself (not long before) made choice of one,
 A stranger, meerly unto him unknown,
 To bring him horses from a Forraign land,
 And put ten thousand Duckets in his hand.
 Now (quoth the Iester) and it please your Grace,
 In my conceit tis but a foolish case
 To put your mony in a strangers trust,
 That nere will come again, y'are couzen'd just.
 But (said the King) thou knave, what wilt thou
 If he return, and t' honest man do play? (say
 Sir (quoth the fool) why then your love to win,
 Ile crosse you out my Book, and put him in.

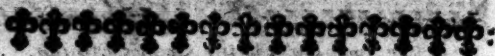


A She Swaggerer of the Shrews fashion.

(long

THou rogish Slave, where hast thou staid so
To bring no answer home till candle light.
In sadness wife, you do your Husband wrong:
For I have made the greatest hast I might.
Rascal, thou lyest, what hast thou been about?
Tell me the truth, or I will beat it out,
Wife hold your hand, and do but here me speak,
You sent me to the Doctors with your pisse,
And by the way, the Urinal did break,
So ever since I have been buying this:
And here's another, pray you leak again,
And Ile to morrow, take some further pain,
Out Villain, hast thou serv'd me so?
Shall I want Doctors Physick when I send?
My inward Grief (base Gull) thou dost not know
Pray wife have patience, if I did offend:
I have been at the Taylors for your Gown:
Your hat cannot be alter'd in the Crown.
Rascal dost flap me in the mouth with Tailor,
And tell'st thou me of Haberdashers ware?
I will not stand to be esteem'd a railer:
Defend your Pate, your Coxcombe Ile not spare:
As I to day want Phisick to my sorrow,
Go seek a Surgeon for thy self to morrow.

The

*The picture of a cleanly Cook.*

A Lab'ring man of honest painful life,
 That had as (many have) a lazie wife;
 From head to foot just of the fluttish size,
 Came home at none his hunger to suffice,
 Looking what dyer his kind wife did keep:
 Just where he left her, found her fast asleep:
 So he increats her rise and give him meat.
 Husband (quoth she) my drowsiness is great,
 But preethee man, go down and get a fire;
 Reach me my stockings, and my other cire
 I will come straight and heat a mess of Broth,
 So yawnes, and stretches; then asisteth sloth:
 Comes down, hangs on the pot, which being heat
 Mew cries the cat, (being in a Porridge sweat)
 She takes her out strokes of the spoonmeat clear,
 And saies, poor puss, alas how cam'st thou here?
 Come Husband take a spoon, and eat I pray:
 Twere pittie cast a drop of this away.
 What a rare cat (sweet heart) have we two got,
 That seeks for Mice even in the Porridge pot:
 Nay wife (quoth he) thou maist be wonder'd at
 For making Porridge of a perboyld cat.

INGENIOUS

POEMS

The Draining of the Fens.

THe Upland people are full of thoughts,
And do despair of after rain;
Now the Sun's thus to'd of his morning draughts,
They're afraid they shall ne're have more again.
Then apace apace drink, drink deep, drink deep,
Whilest 'tis to be had, let's the liquor ply:
The Drainers are up, and a koil they keep,
And threaten to drain the Kingdom dry.

Our smaller Rivers are now dry Land;
The Eeles are turn'd to Serpents there:
And if old Father Thames, play not the Man,
Then farewell to all good English Beere.
Then apace, space, &c.

The

The Dutch-man hath a thirsty soul,
 Our Cellars are subject to his call;
 Let every man then lay hand on his bowl,
 'Tis pity the German-Sea should have all.
 Then space, space, &c.

Our new Philosophers rob us of fire,
 And by reason, do strive to maintain their theft;
 And now that the water begins to retire,
 We shall shortly have never an Element left.
 Then space, space, &c.

Why should we stay here then, & perish for thirst?
 To the new world y^eth' Moon away let us go,
 For if the Dutch Colony get thicker still,
 'Tis a thousand to one but they'll drain that too.
 Then space, space, &c.



The Towns-mens Petition of Cambridge,

By T. Randolph.

NOW Scholars look unto it,
For you will all be undone,
For the last week, you know it,
The Towns-men rid to London:
The Mayor, if he thrives,
Hath promised on his word,
The King a pair of Knives,
If he'll give him a Sword;
That he may put the Beadles down,
And walk in worship here,
And kill all Scholars in the Town
That thus do domineer.
And then unto the Court
They do themselves repaire,
To make the King some sport,
And all his Nobles there.
He down upon his knee,
Both he and they together,
A Sword he cryes, good King give me,
That I may cut a feather.
There's none at all I have at home,
Will fit my hand I swear;

But

F 2

But

But one of yours will best become
 A Sword to domineer.
 These Scholars keep such wreake,
 As makes us all afeard,
 That if to them a Towns-man speaks,
 They will pull off his beard:
 But if your Grace such licence gives,
 Then let us all be dead,
 If each of us had not as lieve
 He should pull off his head,
 They call us filly drunkards too,
 We know not why, nor where,
 All this, and more than this, they do;
 'Cause they will domineer.
 A speech if I do make,
 That hath much learning in't,
 A Scholar comes to take,
 And set it out in print;
 We dare not touch them for our lives,
 Good King, have pity on us,
 For first they play upon our Wives,
 And then make songs upon us.
 Would we had power to put
 And turn on them the jeer,
 Then we would do the best we could,
 But we would domineer,
 They stand much on their wit,
 We know not what it is.

But

But surely had we liked it,
 We had got some of this.
 But since it will no better be,
 We are constrain'd to frame
 Petitions to your Majesty,
 These witty ones to name,
 A sword would scare them all, I say,
 And put them in great fear;
 A Sword of you, good King, we pray,
 That we may domineer:
 Which if your Grace permits,
 Wee'll make them look about 'um;
 But yet they have such pleasant wits,
 We cannot live without 'um.
 They have such pretty arguments,
 To run upon our score;
 They say fair words, and good intents
 Are worth twice as much more.
 And that a clown is highly grac'd,
 To sit a Scholar near;
 And thus we are like fools out-fac't,
 And they do domineer.
 Now if you will renew
 To us your Grace's Charter,
 Wee'll give a ribbon blew
 To some Knight of the Garter.
 A Cap also we want,
 And Maintenance much more.

And yet these Scholars brag and vaunt
 As if they had good store,
 But not a penny we can see,
 Save once in twice 7 years,
 They say it is no policy,
 Drunkards should domineer,
 Now reason, reason cries, Alas
 Good Lord-lings, mark it well,
 A Scholar told me that it was
 A perfect parallel.
 Their case and ours so equal stand,
 As in a way-scale tray,
 A pound of Candles on each hand,
 Will neither higher shew,
 Then prethee listen to my speech,
 As thou shalt after hear,
 And then I doubt it not, my Liege,
 But we shall domineer.
 Vice-Chancellors they have
 And we have Mayors wife,
 With Proctors and with Taskers grave,
 Our Bayliffs you may sizer,
 Their silver Graves keep much adoey,
 Much more our silver Mates;
 And some think, that our Serjeant too,
 Their Beadle-Squires out-faces.
 And if we had a Sword I think
 Along the street to beare,

‘Twould

'Twould make the proudest of them shrink,
 And we should domineer:
 They've Patrons of Nobility,
 And we have our partakers;
 They've Doctors of Divinity,
 And we have Basket-makers:
 Their Heads, our brethren deary,
 Their Fellows, our householders
 Shall match them, and we think to bear
 Them down by head and shoulders.
 A Sword give us, O King, we pray,
 That we may top them there;
 Since every Dog must have its day,
 Let us once domineer.
 When they had made the King to laugh,
 And see one kiss his hand;
 Then little mirth they make, as if
 His mind they understand.
 Avoid the room, an Ulster cries,
 The King will private sup:
 And so they all came down like fools,
 As they before went up.
 They cry'd, God bless his Majesty;
 And then no doubt they sware,
 They'll have the Town made a City,
 And here so domineer.
 But wot ye what the King did think,
 And what his meaning was;

I vow unto you by this drink,
 A rare device he has:
 His Majesty hath pen'd it,
 That they'l be ne've the better:
 And so he means to send it,
 All in a Latine Letter,
 Which when it comes for to be read,
 It plainly will appear,
 The Towns-men they must hang the head,
 And the Scholars must domineer.



Upon the fall of the Mitre

Lament, lament, ye Scholars all,
 Each wear his blackest Gown,
 The Mitre that held up your wits,
 Is now it self faine down.
 The dismal fire of London-Bridge,
 Shall move no heart of mine,
 For that but o're the water flood,
 And this flood o're the wine,
 It needs must melt, each Christians heart,
 That this sad newes but hears,
 To think how the sad Hogsheads wept
 Good Sack, and Claret-tears.

The

The zealous Students of the place
 Change of Religion fear,
 Left this mishap may chance bring in
 The heresie of Heer.
 Unhappy Mitre ! I would know
 The cause of thy sad hap
 Came it by making legs too low,
 To Pembroke's Cardinals Cap ?
 Hence know thy self, and cringe no more,
 Since Popery went down,
 That Cap must vail to thee, for now
 The Mitre's better the Crown
 Or was't, because our company
 Did not frequent thy Cell
 As we were wont, to cure these cares,
 Thou fox'dst they self and sell ?
 No sure, the Devil was adry,
 And caus'd a fatal blow ;
 'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
 That he might drink below.
 Yet though some say, the Devil did it,
 'Cause he might drink up all.
 I rather think the Pope was drunk,
 And let his Mitre fall,
 Lament ye *Latins* Conjurers,
 Because your lack of knowledge
 To let a Tavern fall that stood
 On the walls of your Colledge.

Let the Rose with the Falcon melt,
 Whiles *Sam* enjoys his wishes:
 The Dolphin too must cast her Crown,
 Wine was not made for Fishes.
 That Sign a Tavern best befits,
 Which shews who loves Wine best,
 The Mirre's then the only Sign,
 For that's the Scholar's crest.
 Then drink sack *Sam*, and cheer thy heart,
 Be not dismayd at all;
 For we will drink up it again,
 Though our selves do catch a fall,
 Wee'll be thy workmen day and night
 In spite of bugbear-Proctors;
 We drank like fresh-men all before,
 But now wee'll drink like Doctors.



The Vale to Virginity.

Adieu thou old companion of my bed, adieu,
 And do not sue
 To harbour longer in so warm a breast,
 I go to flames of love to melt away thy snow,
 That streams may flow

And

And I whose frozen fancy never yet conceiv'd
 Love's holy fires,
 Am ravish't now with Hymen's vow, that I am all
 desires,
 And when the Sun with's beams doth rout the
 Frost-bound Earth, and chaw the ground,
 The ice appears dissolv'd in tears, 'cause it so hard
 was found
 To thee, great power of Love, here prostrate falls
 To thee, A votary.

O pardon, that she made no greater haste:
 These eyes are offer'd at thy Shrine a sacrifice,
 Cupid arise:
 Accept & fix them, where thine own were plac'd.

But stay, the chiefeft marks-men wink and shoot,
 Then blind though thou hast been,
 Thy golden dart, hath pierc'd my heart, as right
 as though th' wast seen.
 Such skill *Achilles* weapon only knew before,
 For now I feel
 What ever fear in Maids appear, The blade of
 wounds can heal,
 Lie close thou better Genius of my life, lie close,
 Who fears to lose,
 That lets her lose to use, and thrives upon't?

There's

There's none that tyes the true loves knot, will
 Those sweet delights which come by casting on't,
 For had my mother never design'd to light a
 I pray you how had I been now confin'd in
 Then if a maiden-head's no treasure when pre-
 Make me a mother to another, so none are losers
 by't.



A Song.

YOU meener beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfy mens eyes,
 More with your number then your light;
 Like common people of the skies,
 What are you when the Moon doth rise?
 You Violets that first appear,
 By your fine purple mantles known,
 Like the proud Virgins of the year
 As if the Spring were all your own
 What are you when the Rose is blown?

You

You warbling chanters of the wood,
Which fill mens ears with nature's laies,
Thinking your passion's understood
By meaner accents, What's your praise,
When *Philomel* her voyce doth raise?

You glorious trifles of the East,
Whose estimations fancies raise
Pearls, Rubies, Saphirs, and the rest
Of glittering Gems; what is your praise,
When the bright Diamond shews his rays?

So when my Princess shall be seen
In beauty of her face and mind,
By Vertue first, then choyce, a Queen;
Tell me if she were not design'd,
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness run,
The Diamond's darkned in the ring,
If she appear, the Moon's undone,
As in the presence of the Sun.



A Song.

THinkst thou *Kate* to put me down,
 With a No, or with a Flown?
 Since love holds my heart in bands,
 I must do what Love commands.

Love commands the hands to dare,
 When the tongue of speech is spare;
 Chiefest lesson in Love's schools,
 Put it in adventure fool.

Fools be they that fainting flinch
 For a scratch, a shreek, a pinch;
 Womens words have double sense;
 Stand away; a simple fence.

Though thy Mistress swears shee'll cry,
 Trust her not, shee'll swear and lye;
 Such sweet oaths do sorrow bring,
 Till the prick of conscience stings.



A Song.

GO thy way, since thou wilt go,
Do not stay to answer No.
Like thy self, thy vows are true,
Ever changing old for new.
Since thou hast been false to many,
Be not constant now to any.

Yet I will not curse those eyes
Where thy witching beauty lies,
Nor desire that form decay,
Where so vile a mind is plac'd:
With thy beauty few dare strive,
With thy falshood none alive.

Live thou still, pride of the City,
Void of love, as void of pity:
Be not ty'd to two or three,
There is change enough for thee:
And when thou art out of date,
Then repent thee though too late.

To the woods I'll take my flight,
There is harmless, chaste, delight;
There I need not hope nor fear,
There I will all love forbear;
And as thou fled'st me before,
So I'll fly thee evermore.

Now when thy change is spent
If thy false heart chance repent,
And perswade thy fowl dissolus,
To recall me back again,
Thou shalt hear me thus reply,
Oh I dare not, lest I dye.



A Song.

Dame Learning of late is fled the land,
Fowl befall her tutors all,
That could in her way no longer stand:
Diogenes come seek up and down
At noon bright with lantern and light,
To see if shee be hid under a Gown,
Thus the whole University cry,
From the grand Doctor to the small fry,
Peep here, peep there, the devil a Scholar you'll spy.

The Fresh-man that before he hath eaten,
 All to gabbles his predicables,
 Breaks his fast upon butterd Seton, (fute he),
 Who when he comes home to his Mother, con-
 Talking bigger of casting a Figure,
 In conjuring Sophisms made by his Tutor;
Thus the whole, &c.

The Soph. when speech *ex tempore* takes,
 Thinks he flies in the skies,
 When a Jest in false Lattin he makes;
 Then led in triumph to the Sack Tuns,
 Thinks it fit to be drunk in wit,
 Whilst a rilt the Phylosopher runs,
Thus the, &c.

The Doctor that comes up with his Man,
 Promising *Nan* to commence of he can,
 And to buy Mistris Doctresse a Fan,
 That his Wife may sit above, and go finer,
 His silver he spends, and his latin ends,
 Venturing far to deny the Minor:
Thus the, &c.

At his Act he was fullen in the fight
 And would not answer; Yet anon Sir,
 Heele invite you kindly at Nighr,
 Though the poor Knight be cast of his crupper,
 And shroodly fears, he hath wrong'd your ears,
 Heele make your pallates amends at Supper,
Thus through, &c.

G

The

The Emprick that to kill doth his endeavour,
 Whilst he frames diseased names,
 Able to cast a man into a Fever,
 VVhen he comes to dispute in form and matter,
 Looking as pale as his Urinal,
 Shakes his head as he were casting of water:

Thus through, &c.

The Lawyer that comes up with his Grace,
 Forgetting in hast his Latin is cast,
 And abus'd into a pittiful case,
 Then vext with Priscian will not fail,
 Though the Action be of battery,
 To break his head, and cut off his taile:

Thus through, &c.

The School-man his time in nonsense spends,
 Breaks his brain upon cajerane, friends,
 Sweats to make *Scotus*, and *St. Thomas* good
 Learnedly scolding, with reason doth cusse,
 VVithout doubt of the truth is out,
 And *Sau* question is learned enough,

Thus through, &c.

The School-Divine, that troubles his sense,
 If created lice were in Paradise,
 VVhither *Adam* did eat in innocence,
 If the Apple was par'd, that was eat at the fall,
 VVhat need they had of a Taylors trade,
 VVhat thred the Fig-leaves were sowed withall:

Thus through, &c.

The

The Preacher that doth in fury rish on,
 The Pulpit thrusts and all to bears
 The thred-bare Confidence with poor Cuffman,
 VVho from a Coblers Scall is driven,
 Souls to mend to the everlasting end,
 And sets them upright in the way to Heaven!
Thus through, &c.

Against the Pope, poor man he rakes on,
 And *Bellermine* thwacks till his head akes,
 Scourging the VVhore of *Babylon*.
 The Roast-meat suffers for the sinner,
 Till folk devout with the glasse run but,
 Swearing 'tis Herisie to lose their dinner,
Thus through, &c.

The Oratour that is bound to wear Sattin,
 VVith his *caucuses* and his *quarantines*,
 On *Tullies* head fixes a part of *Latin*.
 VVith a Rhetorick cringe to Embassadors prate,
 In Metaphor fine, with trope Divine,
 VVith a high timberd stile and stately gate,
Thus through, &c.

And so the Chancellour makes a great face,
 Swell'd in puffe-pett, of Eloquence vast,
 The Phrases in *Goodwin* Antiquities trace;
 VVith ale-conceit like a herring bloar,
 VVith a candid voice and an adion choice,
 Like a Gentleman with a bur in his throat,
Thus through, &c.

The Poet that with thimine Muses lies,
Till he betraies some bastard Playes,
And undoes the Colledge with Comedies,
Though he anew translate the Psalmes,
Sings painted layes for holy dayes,
Abuses Devotion in Epigrams,

Thus through, &c.

The School-Master that makes many a Martyr.
Boies can reach, and to women preach
For his half Crown once in a quarter,
He layes about like a Demi-god,
Firking Riches out of their Breeches,
VVith a confirming face, and a peircing rod.

Thus through, &c.

The Fresh-man is simple, the soph. too false,
The Philosopher sad, the Poet mad,
The Physitian weak, the Lawyer false,
The Orator bold, the Preacher too hot,
The Minister School, and th' man a fool,
The Divine contentious, the Doctor a Sor.

Thus through the whole University pry,

From the great Doctor, to the small fry,

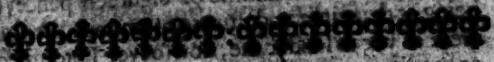
Peep be, peep be, the Diuel a Scholer youle spy.

Crossmell

*With a civill voice and an action choice,
Like a Gentleman with a but in his throat.*

The

Thus through, &c.



Tony sleep is Kedman.

Vorshipful, and whey-bearded Friend;
 My Letter is for passed to my Desk,
 that I cannot possibly but send you Desk and
 all together; If you please to put nose into the
 key-hole, which is just under the sent, you may,
 peradventure smell out my meaning. It is re-
 ported of *Charles* the fifth's Emperess, that she
 desired nothing in her dyet more than minc'd
Bacon, and sippers in Wine; and I have often
 heard that your Worships Caledonian tast hath
 alwayes been ravenous of swines-flesh; so that
 where I had purposed to send you some of *Lacullus*
 black birds, or grist in porrage, or a goose in Pickle,
 (for those three dishes *Lacullus* loved marvilous
 well) or to have sent you some salted Lampreies,
 such as *Augustus* had out of *Illyria*, or such pow-
 dred meat as *Salust* reports *Cicero* had out of
Sardinia; my mind is changed; and I have sent
 in honour of your Worships Pallata plump and
 compeuble Sow-Pig. Your VVorship may re-
 member that some few weeks since you befriend-

ed me with a small summe of eighteen pence, I being at that time as destitute of money, as you were of wit to lend it me, howsoever I promised to require your VVorships love with a Gammon of Bacon and a Pig; the Pig I have sent, for the Bacon, I remain your debtor: I know the Pig is as well swipes flesh as Bacon, and therefore I doubt not, but it will find your chaps best acceptance. I am at this time so scantred of paper, by reason of a preposterous squire that hath held me these five weeks, that I am forced to write on the Pigs back; It is not unknown to your VVorship that in the beginning of the world, men writ in Ashes, then in Rynes of trees, then in sheets of Lead, then in leaves of Laurel, then in Parchment, and then in Paper; but such is the misery of our times, that you see we are faine to quirk our our minds upon the Corderan of a Pig. Every man hath his time, for new inventions, and so have I. *Nesstor* claims his glory for invenning eighteen letters of the Alphabet, and *Dionides* for adding the other three; Others joynting these together have invented diverse laudable Sciences. Some have invented Orthography, some Stenography, some Brachygraphy, but my self I dare confidently aver, am the first inventour of Pig-skin-graphy, but I must conclude, and therefore only thus. His story tells us that *Cleopatra* sent *Antony* sometimes a powdered

powdred Crane from Asia to Rome: And why
may not History in time tell out posterity, that
Antony sent Thomas a Manuscript Pig from Wrat-
ting to Cambridge: The birth and age of this
Pig, together with the opinions of the best Cri-
tiques concerning Pigs-flesh, you shall find upon
the scull. *quid Bonarri & Pighires* both do
hold that it was pig'd when Sol was in *Cauda*
Draconis, & therefore must not be eaten with cur-
rents, and grated bread, but with snap-dragon &
acorns. A little before it died, it made a VVill,
which as well as I could, I took from its own
mouth; and this it is,

That after my death, there may be no quarrel;
Thus I dispose of my bulk and apparel,
My hair to a Cobler, my guts to a boy,
My voice to Kings Colledge, my bones to a dog,
My flesh to the spit, my grease to the pan,
My skin to a Scrivener, my love to Kidman.

It desired to have a crackling peal for her, for
it said She would sing her self. It desired further,
to be well basted for staying so long: and lastly,
it desired to be wholly interred in the maw of her
beloved Thomas Kidman: there are three Sisters
more behind, who all desire to be buried there,
because they suppose it to be a kind of Swines
head Abbey.

Your Worships Friend,

Roficleere Henshaw.



On the Old Lord Brook. Idem.

Good Reader, Pisse on this stone, for look
 VVhere lies the Right ugly, the Lord
 VVho, as I have a soul to save, (*Brook*),
 Deserved not one inch of a grave,
 Accus'd he was of a strange murder,
 But we will talk of that no further;
 For though he would fain guilty have been,
 Courage he lack'd to perform the Sin.
 Ill natured he was, as he could wag,
 Lent no man his Praise, Money nor Nag;
 The poor long since, requested him dead,
 For locking in his Trunk, chippings of bread,
 Thrift made him chaff, because heretofore,
 'Tis said he spent at sight of a Whore:
 Musick he loved, but o when they spoke
 Of money for Strings, his Heart-strings broke.
 There are a sett of Lawyers that think,
 He writ down few Legacies to save Ink:
 Ah Reader, he had most delicate shifts
 To balk, and not help men at their dead lists,
 He call'd his Executor Ragamuffin,
 For saying he would buy him a new Coffin;

I pray said he, to what sage intent (rent.
Should wormes be well-hous'd, they nere pay
That he is dead, poor Levires be glad,
For them he thought all simple or mad,
And when the Book 'gainst Tithes he read ore,
No Parson he hoped, should ere eat Pig more:
Plato's Phædon, he studied at large,
To know if Soules travel without any charge:
He are as he was about to be gone,
(Corn being dear) brown bread at Communion.
Neer Winter he dyed, the gain to reap,
Of saving of Fire, which in Hell's very cheap.
Though light he lies in this Rich Tomb,
Heel be wondrous sad at the day of Doom.



The Poor mans Petition to the King, 1605.

Good King, Let there be an Uniformity in
true Religion without disturbance, of Pa-
pist or Puritan.

Good King, Let Good Preachers be well
provided for, and without Bribery come to their
Livings.

Good

Good King, Let poor Souldiers be paid their Wages while they are employed, and well provided for when they are maymed.

Good King, Let there be no such great delays and crafty proceedings in Law, and let Lawyers have their moderate Fees: A pox take the proud, covetous Attorney, and the merciless Lawyer.

Good King, Let poor Suitors be heard quickly and with speed, dispatched favourably.

Good King, Let no man have more Officers then one, especially in thy Court, or touching thy Lawes.

Good King, Cut off these pantry Licenses, and all Monopolies, and fie on all close biting knaveries.

Good King, Let not great Ordinance be carried out of the Realm, to the Enemies as it hath been. A plague upon all Covetous griping Treasurers.

Good King, Let ordinary Causes be heard in ordinary Courts, and let not the Chancery be a Common shifting place to prolong Causes for private gain.

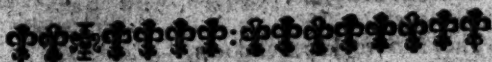
Good King, Look to thy Takers and Officers of thy House, and to their exceeding Fees.

Good King, Let us not be oppressed with so many Impositions, Poleings, and Payments.

Good King, Make Lo. of good *Lincoln*, Duke of *Shreditch*, for he is a---

Good

Good King, Make not Sir *Walter Raleigh*
Earle of Panchridge, for he is a K.
 Good King, Love Us and we will love Thee,
 and will spend our hearts-bloods for thee.



A Jeer for Cambridge.

THe Town of *Cambridge* now,
 They say shall be a City;
 They'l plague us all both Great and Small,
 Because w' are grown so Witty:
Bulls and Bears, and bawling Curres
Are come so Town, What say you Sirs?

Our Mayor, He is a Knight,
 Whom Fortune late did send us,
 His Bulls his Bears, do put us in fears,
 That into raggs they'l rend us.
Bulls and Bears, and bawling, &c.

Heel have a Gown of Velvet,
 For Scarler is in disgrace,
 And it cannot agree that his Gown should be
 Of the same Stuffle with his Face,
Bulls and Bears, &c.

They'l

They'll Build their City Walls,
 Their Bridges and their Gates, (have it
 They'll sweep it, and pave it, and fine they will
 And Fence it with their pates.
Bulls and Bears, &c.

They fain would put us down,
 But Wise men from thence gathers;
 If they envy the Schooles, they'll pay the fools,
 And hurt the Childrens Fathers.
Bulls and Bears, &c.



*A Pastoral Dialogue between Thirsis and
 his Dorinda.*

(kids,
 D. **W**hen Death shall part us from those
 And shut up our divided lids,
 Tell me *Thersis*, pray thee do,
 Whither Thou and I shall go?
 T. To the *Elysium*. D. Oh where's it?
 T. A Chast Soul can never miss.
 D. I know no way, but to our Home
 Is our Cell *Elysium*?
 T. Turn thine eyes to yonder Skie,
 There

here the milky path doth lye;
Tis a sure though rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day. (Musie.

O. There Birds may rest, but how can I,
That have no wings, and cannot fly?

C. Do not sigh fair Nymph, for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hits against the Pole,

Heaven's the Center of the Soul. (Musie.

O. But in *Elizium*, how do they
Passe Eternity away?

C. Oh, there is neither hope nor fear,

There is no Wolfe, no Fox, no Bear,

No Wars, unless our Rames well fed,

Butt at each others curled head:

No work, unless, perhaps you find

Bees dig in Kin-cupes Golden Mine:

No fold to keep one Lamb from harmes,

Only *Drinks* thee mine armes,

No need of Dog to fetch the stray,

Our White foot we may give away,

No Oar-pipes needful there, thine eares,

Shall sleep with M^r sick of the Sphears. (Musie.

O. Sweet! Sweet! how I my future state,

By silent thinking anredate?

pray thee spend our time to come

in talking of *Elizium*.

C. Well, ile go on, there Sheep are sell

E
OF

Of sweetest grasse, and softest Wooll.
 There Birds sing consort, Garlands grow,
 Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow.
 There alwayes is a Rising Sun,
 And day is ever but begun.

Shepherds there, bear equal sway,
 And every Nymph is Queen of May.

D. Ah! --- T. *Dorinda*, why dost cry!

D. I am sick, and fain would dye.

Shew me what thou saies is true,

By bidding with me all adue.

T. I cannot live without thee, I,

I'll for thee, much more with thee die.

Chor. Then let us give *Corillo* charge o'th Sheep,

And thou and Ile pick poppies, which wee'l sleep

In Wine, and Drink on't, eventill we weep,

So shall we dye away within a sleep.



*Epulæ, Thyestæ, Or, The Thanks-giving
 Dinner, where the Diuel finds all, Meat,
 Cookes, Guests, &c.*

ENjoy the angry Powers, do feast away, (day.
 The sence of your high crimes, & judgment
 Mix your Frontiniack with Lethean drops,

And

And crown your guilty Heads with poppy tops :
 Errour hath seized, Oblivion seal your Souls,
 And as your sins are deep, so be your bowles.
 Let your starv'd Country, see your riotous Feast,
 Nether with grace, nor peace, nor conscience blest.
 Let stupid *England*, see the Goblet crown'd,
 Wherein is quaff'd their ninety thousand pound
Per mensuram : There we may these Epicures see,
 Who've put the Kingdom to an Atrophie.

It is a *Collar* day, *St. Traytors* day,
 Wherein the Pseudo-Martyr may,
 Inspired by Lucifer give thanks, and can
 Invert the words of our *Done Julian*,
 Puny Apostate, he o'th' lower room,
 And say, the *Galileans* overcome,
 Yet dare he text it from the Bible, than
 When he both Prayes and Preaches Alchoran.
 There *Peters* the denier, (nay 'tis said,
 He that (disguis'd) cut off his Masters Head,)
 That Godly Pigion of Apostacy
 Does buzze about his Abtironarchy,
 His Scaffold Doctrines, and such murdering stuff,
 Which yet wounds nought but the affrighted roff,
 Of the lap't Alderman who have made good,
 * *Staffords* dark maxime now well understood.

* Earle of *Stafford* was accused for laying (it would
 never be well with *London*, till half a dozen Aldermen
 were hanged,)

Twilt

I will nere be well with *England* till we see,
 The Complement of *Stafford's* Prophecie.
 The Truth is still the same, the number more,
 Fifteen will but serve now, six would before,
 Sermon being done and Scripture, the ruffes fall,
 Fore *Cromwel* Bell, and Dragon General.
 Long live *Custodes* : that's the cry ; what's he ?
 In English thus, long live our Slavery.
Custodes is the style which *Pluto* lent,
 In special grace unto the Parliament.
 Puzzl'd what Title to assume : no shame,
 Father and Son may go by the same name,
 For there his Feast is kept whilst Orphans cry,
 And I and *Lilburn* are in Custody.
 The Anthropophagi are set : they feed,
 Let them feed on, twill be their time to bleed,
 First Course is Bishops Lands ; a stately dish,
 Quoth *Oliver*, and Cooch't unto my wish :
 Next in a charger, Deans and Chapters are,
 Plac'd against *Martin* ; tis marprelates fare.
 Reach that greaz'd Oleo to the General,
 The Estates of poor Delinquents : giv't him all.
Lenthal and St. *John*, both are feeding hard on
 A Glorious Messie : Oh ! tis a general pardon.
Prideaux, is late come in, and had almost,
 Staying for packer-money kiss'd the Post.
Mildmay is for his Didledames, and owne
 No Faire so choice as that of Pretious Stones.

Goodwin

Goodwin and *Peters* at a Table sit,
Eating Sequestred Livings at a bit.

But O ! Custodes rail upon the Cooks (Dukes,
Full sore : The Kings, Queens, Princes Lands &
Are not enough; their stomachs wamble; they
Fear their digestion, that they will not stay.

A filthy Norman Hogo of a nullum,
Occurrit Regi does like *Scabinus* pull'um.
The Judges have in Skins of Parchment boyld,
A *Magna-Charta* Pudding, which was spoyld
And brok it'h seething, that nor *Wild*, nor *Phosane*
Could find one reason in't, or ought that's pleasant.

Mich. Oldsworth in his Independent cloaths,
Is feeding *Pembroke* with a broth of Oaths.
Bradshaw surveyes the dishes, and the meat,
And likes all well, but yet he dares not eat.

Now for a cheese and digestions sake,
The seal is brought, and *Atkins* gives a Cake.

Their fill'd not satisfied ; they'r now for Wine,
O for a draught, such as black *Cassine*
Drank to be ranfact'd *Rome* ; hear *Nero's* song,
Whil'st the accursed health doth passe along.

Viner the Goblet holes, and *Peters* fills,
And *Goodwin* Consecrates, and *Cromwel* swills;
The draught is *Charles* his blood, a crimson wine,
The Health's confusion to the Royal Line. (Hall,
The health goes round, round through the cursed
And no man sees the hand upon the Wall.

H

The



*The City Present : A Bason and Ewre to the
General, of pure Gold.*

A Ccepe (black Sir) this glorious Ewre, where
Present in beaten Gold, like Loyalty. (we
We do confesse you High and Fortunate,
Or else this Gift, had been a massy Plate.
The Bason is antique a Richer show,
Than that the Jewes on *Pilars* did bellow :
Your servic's are not much lesse ; it stands
Ready to wash your Excellent Murth'rous hands.

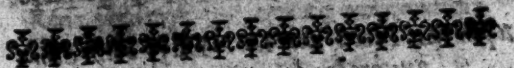


*A Bason and Ewre to the Leivetenant General,
of pure Silver.*

G Reat Sir, that you may know we have a sence
Of your High Parts, and candid Innocence;
With purest Silver, we present those hands,
Made to bring peace and blessings to our Lands ;
Ireland expects your Sovereign face, and cries,
Come *Oliver*, or bleeding *Ireland* dies.

But

But as you pass by *Windsor*, if your nose (close.
Coming near *Charles* his Corps should ought dis-
Oh! drop the blood in this: for 'twas our Place,
From Bookings unto Bafons wrought his face.



A Short Grace after a long Dinner.

WE thank thee *Oxford*, thou hast given us
And made us Doctors of the learned
We thank thee *London*, eke each Citizen, (Race.
For ye have made us more, great gifted men.



*Upon Sim. Sumpter, who bought his Degree
of Dr. Sanders without Exercise.*

Sim. Sumpter, had reason to make use of sea-
He was out of his money before; (son,
He did not disburse, one crosse out of purse;
But did only quit an old score.
He made no Petition, nor any Condition,
Nor gave he any fee:

H 3

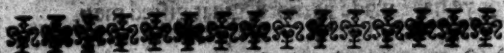
What

What *Saunderson* ought him, he only besought
Might be repaid by degree.



upon Mr. Field and Mr. Day, both Competitors for a Living in vain.

(yield
FORTUNE was doubtful whether she should
To Field the day, or yet to Day the field;
At length determin'd, thus to end the Fray, (day,
That Day should lose the Field, and Field the



Ben. Johnsons Discontented Soliloqui upon
the sinister censure of his Play, called the
New Inn, Translated into Latin, and
Answered Verse for Verse, by

THOMAS RANDAL.

B. J. **B**E, leave the loathed Stage,
And the more loathsome age,
Where Pride and Impudence in faction knit,
Usurpe the chair of Wit:

Condemning

Condemning and Attayning every day,
 Something they call a Play.
 Let their fastidious vain
 Commission of the brain
 Run on and rage, frer, censure and condemn;
 They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

1. *Ebo jam satis, & super Theatro
 Etisique simul datum est, amans,
 Hic vultis tumor & sine fronte superbia capiant
 Ingenii cathedram.*

*Censuraque tuam vexant graviore Thalam
 Et semisse putant,
 At fastidium, si velint, Cerebri
 Atque ipsum simul evomant Cerebrum,
 Et vult acum bile fremant: Hos non tibi natos,
 Te genuisse tuos crede ad majores Parentes.*

T. R. Ben. Do not leave the Stage,
 'Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
 For Pride and Impudence will grow too bold,
 When they shall hear it told
 They frighted thee: stand high, as is thy cause,
 Their hiss is thy Applause.
 More just were thy disdain,
 Had they approved thy vein,
 Know, they for thee, as thou for them wer't
 They to incense, and thou again to scorn.

H 3

2. B. J.

2. B. J. Suppose you poure them Wheat,
 And they would Acrons eat!
 'Twere simple fury, thus thy self to waste
 On such as have no taste,
 To offer them a surfet of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead.
 No : give them husk's their fill,
 Grains, Drasse to drink and swill.
 If they love Lees, and loath the lusty Wine,
 Envy them not, their Pallat's with the swine.

2. *Quis puram Cererem ministraret illi
 Crudas qui solet esurire glandes?
 Vanus defuncto labor inservire palato,
 Et stolidus furor est.
 Quæ re alimur Nectar cui tam caeleste propius,
 Quod sapio Ambrosiam.
 Isteis juscula da, nigrumque panem
 Paures reliquias olenti ollo,
 Vaticanæ bibant, qui nolunt Muscica; Nec tu
 Tantopere invidas porcina stercore a lingue.*

T. R. Wilt thou enhance thy Store
 Of wheat? and poure no more,
 Because these Bacon-brains have such a taste
 As more delights in Mast?
 No : set them forth abroad of dainties full
 As thy best Muse can cull,

Whilſt

Whilſt they the while do pine,
And thirſt mid'ſt all their Wine,
What greater pain could Hell it ſelf deviſe
Than to be willing thus to cantalize.

3. B. J. No doubt a mouldy ale,
Like *Pericles*, and ſtale
As the ſhrieſs cruſts, and naſtie as his fiſh,
Scraps rak't from every diſh,
And thrown together in the Common tub,
Will keep up the play Club,
Broomes ſweepings do as well
There, as his Maſters meal;
For he that means their palſates for to fit,
Needs ſet them but the Almes Basket of wit.

3. *Iſtis fabula rectius placebit,
Abſurdi Periclitocææa chara,
Sportula pratoris qua putida mille culinae
Mille ſapit patinas.
Inſulſi piſces, collectoque undique ſardæ
In cumulum veniant,
Ex his cœdia, ſi quid ipſe norim
Convivæ ſub laetiora noſtric
Qui placuiſſe volis ſtupidis, det cruſtula tantum
Ingenii, & coſtam decies in forcula cramben.*

T. R. Thou canſt not find them ſuffice
That will be bad enough

To please their pallates; let 'um thine refuse
 For some *Pye-Corner-Muse*;
 She is too fair an Hostesse; 'twere a sin
 For them to like thy Inn,
 Made for to entertain
 Guests of a Nobler strain;
 Yet if they would have any of thy store,
 Give 'um some Almes, and serve 'um at the door.

4. B. J. And much good sh'et you then,
 Ye Plush and Velvet men
 Can feed on Orts, and safe in your Scent cloaths
 Dare quit upon your Oaths.
 The Stage, and Stage-rights too; your guilty Peers
 Of stuffing your large ears
 With raggs of Comick socks
 Wrought upon twenty blocks
 Which if it be but soule and parch't enough,
 The grimmer than your guilt, and you their fluff.

4. *Et profero, delicatae sumus
 Cohors serica, profero ista vobis,
 Quos Analest a iuvant, & rursus Scenicis
 Reddat ab infidiis;
 Horreat ad Vestrum dum Compita Adusa tribunal
 Perlimeatque iugum;
 At si quis fueris sonorus, Author
 Largus impleat ut penitus aures
 Plaudite, committit palmam, dabit Historio vobis,
 Ampullas,*

Ampallas, & vasilli concedere. Anonym.

T. R. And let those things in Plush,
Whose follies cannot blush,
Like what they will, and well contented be
With what Brooms swept from thee,
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to Cloaks, but brains.

Thy spleen doth further rise,
That Moles will have no eyes,
And this alone in thee I guilty find;
Tho' art angry, they'll not see thee, that are blind.

s. B. J. Leave things to prostitute,
And take the Alcayd Lute,
Of thine own *Horus*, or *Anacron* lyres
Warm thee by *Pindar*'s fire, (grown cold,
And though thy veins be shrunk, and blood
E're years have made thee old
Strike a disdainful bear
Throughout to their defeat,
That curious fools and envious of thy streine
May blushing swear, No *Palsy*'s in thy brain.

s. *Isaac descere probat nihil pudenda*
Alceo melius sonare plures,
Anacron vocat & Flaccus, tantumque precatur
Pindarus hospitium.

Quamvis deficiunt nervi, nondumque senilis
Opprimat

Opprimat assagela,
 Sic dextrâ quatiat Iyrâm peritâ
 Sic centes Cytbarium favente Musa
 Ut saluum tibi adhuc Cerebrum faciantur inepti
 Miscenturque omnes pariter, pariterque rubescant.

T. And Let not thy Scene be mute,
 Cause thou canst touch a Lute
 And string thy Horace; let each Muse of Nine
 Claim thee, and say, thou'rt mine.
 'Twere sin to let all other flames expire
 To sit by Pinders fire;
 For by so strange neglect
 I should my self suspect
 A Palley were as well thy brains disease, (please
 If they could shake thy quill which way they please
 6. B. J. And when they hear thee sing
 The Glories of the King,
 His Zeal to God, and his just love o're men,
 They may blood shoooken then
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
 That no ruid Muse like ours
 To sing of Peace or Warrs
 Shall truly hit the Stars, (Reign,
 When they shall read the Acts of Charles his
 And see his Chariot triumph o're his Wain.

6. Et cum te pin' Gestâ, Gloriamque

Magni

Magni Caesaris audiant carentem
 Quæ pietatis solus trallero hominisque Deosque
 Progenies superum
 Insolito terrore tremant, cum nostra camenas
 Musa super reliquas
 Sen pacem canat horridumve Martem
 Alto vertice præteribit Astra.
 Cum tua Regna legant dignas te, Carole laudes
 Atque tuos tua plaustra super conscendere curris.

T. R. And though thou well canst sing
 The Glories of the King,
 And on thy *Mercator's* wings his Chariot bear
 'To Heaven, and mak'st a Starre;
 Yet let thy Muse as well some raptures raise
 To please him as to praise.
 I know thou wouldst not chuse
 Only a treble Muse;
 But let this envions ignorant age to know,
 Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

*A Towns-man of Cambridge, complaining
 to the Master of Christs Colledge, of a
 Scholar that had pelted him with a snow ball,*

SAid, An impious Adolescents of the Ecclesiastical Order of your Family, hath hit me such a pestiferous percusse upon the postical part of my capitol, with an obdurate niveal pile, that he hath not onely debilitated my roral injury, but also confuscated the bag of my intelligence, to my utter ruine and decay.

SMART. 1611.

*An Almanack for this present year, compiled
 specially for the Latitude of our Conduit;
 but so that it may serve very well for the
 Latitude of the whole Colledge, by John
 Smart, Practitioner in Chyrurgery, and
 are to be sold in Itching Lane, at the signe of
 the rag and the finger.*

THe Golden Number is 35.
 The Epact is eight without Question.

The

The Dominical Letter is C. R.
And every Term shall be Milary Term, for the
space of this Leap Year.

Times Past.

Back doors were allowed in Gardens,
An abominable time,
The time was that there was no time, a great
while.

The Flood washed the brew-house,
A very small time.

The Painting of Colledges;
The rain hath washed it out of memory.
Colledge Servants were backed,

Aske Twisleton,

Since, The Colledge Officers turned spitts;
Seventy years.
Colledge loaves were set in the Stocks.

Five years and upwards
The hanging of the Bell in the rain.

Two hundred dayes
The Voyage into *Scotland*:

Three years the next grass;
The coyn was minted was half silver & all brass.

Three Years.
The transposition of the Cushion.

Twenty eight dayes.
We

We had Brick-bats in Commons,
 It was the last hard times,
 Borrowing of money came up,
 Ever since men had money,
 The fall, which the great wind gave.

Four years.

One side of the Hall was whited,
 The last red okar time.

Old men grew mauvee: A tickling tickling
 time, it would make your ears itch to hear it.
 The Treasure House was gilded without,
 and Peniless within.

The Clock cannot tell, it was so long before
 his time.

The discovery of *Corias* and the death of *Dick*
Spale, no great difference.

The last grand Steward in Trunk week;
 Our stinking herrings make it fresh in memory.

So that if you count from the time that Bachelours were Lords of Christmas; It is found from the Flood to *Pythagoras's* time, from *Pythagoras* to the destruction of *Troy*, from the destruction of *Troy*, to the building of *Nineveh*, from the building of *Nineveh* to the Seige of *Jerusalem*, from the Seige to the discovery of *Mexico*, from the discovery to *Drakes* Voyage, from *Drakes* Voyage to this present time; You shall find that Bachelours have been Lords of time, one of mind,

Times

Times not yet come.

When, **F**ellows shall not receive their wages.
 We shall know what a clock it is by our
 dial.
 The Office shall have a wife Mayor.
 The Tennis Court shall be finished.
 Our Hay comes in dry.
 Gullies leave off their Rings and milk-sops,
 their Handkerchiefs off their necks.

Times that shall never come.

When, **B**utlers shall leave sconcing.
 When Cooks shall leave lurching.
 The Colledge shall be out of debt.
 The Chappel shall be finished.
 All Dunkirks shall be paid.
 All lyers shall be banished.
 Puritans shall make short Sermons.
 Necessity shall have any Law.
 Any of the Seniors but the Vice-Master shall
 have all the matter in their own hands.
 He that can hold a pissant Argument an hour
 against a strong Wall, shall yield to any, but
 to old blocks and stocks upon which he will
 not draw.

None

None of our Combination shall say that his
peny went last night, or at least scape Scot-
free, by asking whether this Pipe of To-
bacco cost nothing, which he begg'd before
of an Apothecaries Boy.

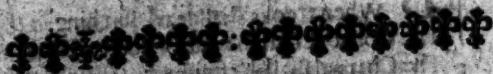
When, A pound of reason shall not serve one man a
whole moneth, and credit him much in
company.

A fellow shall cast off that doublet which he
hath had already six years.

A Senior that knows himself well back't shall
leave the Colledge.

All Colledge-Preachers shall Preach.

All the eight Seniors shall have eight grains of
Win amongst them.



*Certain physycal observations, as good as my
night-cap affords.*

IT is very good and necessary to be let blood,
when a mans head is broken.

It is wholesom to purge Colles when a mans
hand is too little.

When a man hath lost all his money and hath
taken

taken a purge; It is very good for him to keep his Chamber, and there go closely to his stool.

When Nature and the Disease are at a combat, it is good (as I heard a pretty Physician say) to help Nature with a towell.

When you know a vomit will do you good, and you find your self unwilling to take it, your roaring boyes are your best Physicians, for they will either urge you to drink till you vomit, or else they will let you blood.

It is not for any man to be bound to a loose fellows company.

The taking of a Clyster is contrary to the Nature of all other purges: for in all other, first you have the purge, afterwards you untie your points: In this, you must untie your points before you can receive the purge.

I think it very good and wholesome that you know thus much, That a vomit is nothing but a mouth Clyster, and a Clyster nothing but an Arse vomit.

Diseases that shall reign this Year.

Old men shall be troubled with a morning laske, and young Students with continual emptiness.

I

Upon

qo 11poh Holy-dayes, and half Holy-dayes in Chappel time, we shall be troubled with a scurvy singing in our ears, yet we have pretty dry Musick, Many Scholars shall be troubled with a running on their heads to stop the black Angels mouth, croking in their gutts, by that means driving away one disease with another; very Scholar-like.

Chamber fingers, and Cloyster poores will be troubled with a rich Gout, but the younger sorts of the Trojans with a *Nullum in Sale*.

This Year we shall have an eating sickness the whole Lent; for many will be sick, onely to get their Doctors hands to eat flesh.

We have annexed certain High wayes to our Almanack to help ignorant Travellers in this Worlds Pilgrimage.

The High-way to Preferment.

FROM Brazen Face to Bribeon, from Bribeon to Flatterible, when you are at Flatterible, you must leave a little blotch called *Depling* Plain, and keep on directly to Devils Ditch, from Devils

vile Ditch to New-Market, from New-Market to Wivington, from Wivington to Cuckoes Bush, when you are at Cuckoes Bush, get some Courtyer to shew you the way to Beggars-Bury, from Beggars-bury you shall come straight to an Office, and from an Office, but three turnings more to Prefecture.

A scurvy hard way to be found out.

From Ragby to Tattershal, from Tattershal to Itchin, from Itchin to Scrooby, from Scrooby to Pinch-back, from Pinch-back to Scabs-Haven, from Scabs-Haven to Cripple-gate, from Cripple-gate to the Bath, from the Bath to the Kings Hospital, from the Kings Hospital to Lashbury, & from Lashbury if you leave Doctors Commons, you go directly to Gravesend.

The broad beaten High-way to Amsterdam.

First you must of necessity go to Daves Crosse, from Daves Crosse to Dunstable, from Dunstable to Neckbury, from Neckbury to Steeple-Hatten, from Steeple-Hatten to little Ruffinton, from little Ruffinton to Lambt-Woolerton, from Lambt-

Lambs-Woolerton to Braber-Mine in Northamptonshire, from Braber-Mine (you must leave Sweating Crosse a great way) and keep on to Creed Lane, from Creed Lane to Pater-Noster-Row, when you are out of Pater-Noster-Row, strike down into Long-Sermon-Lane, from Long-Sermon-Lane to Scrupleton by the Sea side, from Scrupleton to Opinionsby in Holderness, when you are at Opinionsby you are in the ready way to Amsterdam, if you keep right on and never turn.

The High-VVay to the Diuel.

From Little Thrivington to Spilsbury, from Spilsbury to Spendall, from Spendall to St. Needs, from St. Needs to Hungerford, from Hungerford to Stand-gate Hole, from Stand-gate Hole to Pick-Hatch, from Pick-Hatch you shall come without any great enquiry to the Counter in Wood-Street, from the Counter with a Habeas Corpus you may get to Newgate from Newgate you cannot misse the way to Tyburn: you shall have a Gallie for the purpose to direct you, from Tyburn you have but two or three turnings to Break-neck, and from Break-Neck it is a very little way to the Devil.



An Exequie.

To his Matchlesse, never to be forgotten
Friend; by Dr. Hen. King.

A Ccept thou Shrine of my dead Saint,
Instead of Dirgies this Complaint.
And for sweet flowers to crown thy Heise,
Receive a strew of weeping Verse,
From thy griev'd Friend whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.
Dear loss, since thy untimely Fate
My Task hath been to meditate
On thee, on that, Thou art the book,
The Library whereon I look,
Though almost blind; for thee, lov'd Clay
I languish out, not live the day,
Using no other Exercise,
But what I practise with mine Eyes,
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns. This, only this
My Exercise and Business is:
So, I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into Showres;
Nor wonder if my time go thus

Backward, and most proposterous,
Thou hast benighted me: Thy set
This Eve of blackness did beget,
Who was't my day (though over-cast,
Before thou hadst thy Noon-tide past)
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours; By thy clear Sun
My love and fortune first did run.
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my Hemisphære.
Since both thy Light and motion,
Like a dead star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my Soules dear wish
An Earth now interposed is;
Which such a strange Eclipse doth make,
As ne're was read in Almanack.
I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime,
Would willingly my mirth adjourn,
So thou would'st promise to return;
And putting off thy Alby throwd,
At length disperse this sorrows cloud;
But woe to me, the longest date
To narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes. Never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come,
Which

Which shall the Earth to Cinders doom,
 And a fierce Fever shall calcine
 The body of the World, like thine
 My little world, That fit of fire
 Once of our bodies shall aspire
 To our souls blisse; Then we shall rise,
 And view our selves with clearer eyes,
 In that calm Region, where no Night
 Can hide us from each others sight. (good
 Mean time thou hast Her, Earth much
 May my harm do thee, since it stood
 With Heavens will, I might not call
 Her longer mine, I give thee all
 My short lac'd right and interest,
 In Her, whom living I lov'd best,
 With a more free and bounteous grief,
 I give thee what I could not keep.
 Be kind to her and pre' thee looke
 Then write into thy Doora-day Book
 Each parcel of this rarity,
 Which in thy Casket shrin'd doth lye.
 See that thou make thy reckning freight
 And yield her back again by weight;
 For thou must audit on thy trust,
 Each grain and atome of this dust,
 As thou wilt answer him that lent,
 Not gave thee, my dear Monument.
 So close the ground, and 'bout her shade,

Black curtains draw; my Bride is laid,
Sleep on my Love in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last good night; thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake.
Till Age or Grief or Sickness must
Marry my body to that dust;
It so much loves and fills the room,
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow Vale;
And think not much on my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrow breed;
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours sail,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsy gale,
Thus from the Sun my bottom steers,
And my days compass downward bears;
Nor labour I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide;
Tis true, with shame and grief I yield
Thou like the Vaux first tookst the field,
And gotten hast the Victory,

In

In this adventuring to dye (crave
Before me, whose more years might
A just precedence in the Grave.
But heark : My pulse like a soft Drum
Bears my approach : tells thee, I come;
And slow how ere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my Dissolution
With Hope and Comfort, Dear forgive
The crime, I am content to live
Divided, but with half a heart,
Till we shall meet, and never part.

Han Infantry of all the Coods and Shattells of
Mt. Morgan ap Raynard Maddock of the Coun-
ty of Glamorgan Shentleman, who was tyed de-
testable; and left three poor Infidel behind
her : presented to the Right Drship of Hugh
of the Office.

Inprimis, In the Pantrie.
Of Poultry one pig, one Goose, one Cock-gold-
ing, alias Capon.

In the Pantry of Plate, One Cridiron, one fry-
pan, one dry pan, one wooden Cup, three Can, two
Woodcock-head with prain pickt and for take her To-
bacco.

In

The V Welch Inventory.

In the Naperie, One Irish Rugg, one frieze Shir-
kin, one Sheep-kin Tabler.

In the Tairy, One tusting Sheefe, three Oat Cake.

In the Kitchen, One pan wild curd, one white pot,
one plack pudding.

In the Cellar, One firking of Whiggen, two soure
sider, one pottle of Lleyne sack called Glasidore.

In the Armory: Of weapons for kill her Henne-
mie, one pack sword two edge: two Elch hook, one
long Club, two Mouse-trap.

In the Garden, two ped of Garlick, one Onyon,
three Leeks.

In the Lease wayes, One Cow two horns; One
Mountain Calf.

In the Common Field, Two long-legg'd Sheep,
and one fourteen and twenty Cats.

In the Broomey Close by the Mountain, two Robin
run hole, three Hare, one stane Plack pird, one hedg-
bow, her own Cuds if her could catch her.

In the Barn, Three Cock of Oat, two prase, one
bean, one treas Hawke, was gall her, an Owle to kill
Mouse.

In the Study, One Welch Pible, two Almanack,
one Extra Pater, three pallet, one two hand Pettigre.

In the Closet, One straw Hat, one pottle of verjuice.

In the Ped, Two naked Pody, one shirt, one flanel
smack at yur head.

Item, more of Castel abow the House, One Dog,
two

two Cat, one hundred Mouse, a peck on her, eat all
her Sheefe, a thousand white Flea plack list.

Item, *More in Lumber*: One Wife, two Shildren,
one call her little plack shack a Morgan.

Item, *Under the Wall*, One short ladder, two rope,
one Coach two wheele, to carry the Dung from the
Parlour window.

Sub protestatione de addendo.

*****^{2g}*****

To the tune of *Il'e never love thee more*,

Cold Winter with his frosty face

Doth bid you all farewell,

And manly *March* hath taken place

A Monerh with you to dwell;

The Brother to sweet *Aprils* showres,

And Usher to fair *May*,

For which the *Welch* men wear a Lecke

Upon St. Davids Day.

When *Julius Cesar* with his Force

Did first invade this Land,

The Brittons bold with Foot and Horse

His Power did withstand;

A Tribute He of Them did seeke

Which They refus'd to pay,

For which ere since they wear a Lecke

Upon St. Davids day.

Nex

Next after Him, the *Danes* came in,
 That proud usurping Foe,
 At *Winchester* they did begin
 The Land to overthrow,
 Till Captain *Mundagh* a Britane true,
 Did make their lives decay,
 And Conquered the *Danish* Crew

Upon St. Davids Day.

The *Saxons* entered afterward
 And *Essex* did obtayn,
 And with an Army well prepar'd
 The Kingdom for to gain;
 Each Town and City went to wrack,
 Where *Saxons* bore the sway,
 At length the *Britanes* drove them back
Upon St. Davids Day.

Of *Jaques* let the *Spaniard* boast,
 And *Dennis* stand for *France*,
St. Patrick in the Western Coast
 The *Irish* men advance.

George holds the Sword, *David* the Scales,
 When Justice bears the sway,
 And *England* drinks a Health to *Wales*

Upon St. Davids Day.

When Crook't back *Richard* wore the Crown,
 As Regent of this Land,
 No policy could put him down,
 Nor his proud Power withstand.

Till

Till *Henry Richmond* enter'd *Wales*,
Whom *Britanes* did obey,
And conquer'd him in *Rosworb dales*
In love of *Dauids Day*.
The *Britanes* have been ever true,
And with a free Consent; (due
Do give their King and Prince their
And love their President:
And still maintain their antient fame
Which never shall decay:
Gods Blessing light on all those Names
That Loves *St. Davids Day*.

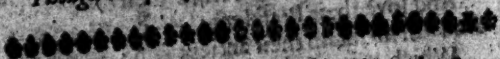


*The Order of the Oath taken at Dunmow
for Bacon.*

YOu shall swear by custome of Confession
If ever you made nuptial transgression,
Be you either married man or wife
By household brawles, or contentious strife,
Or otherwise in bed, or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word,
Or since the Parish Clerk said *Amen*,
You wish'd your selves unmarried again,
Or in a twelve months time and a day,
Repented not in thought any way,
But continued true and just in desire,

As

As when you joyn'd hands in the Holy Quire,
 If to these conditions without all feare,
 Of your own accord ye will freely swear;
 A whole Gamon of Bacon you shall receive
 And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is our custome at Dunmowe well known,
Though the pleasure be ours, the Bacon's your own.



*A Sermon made by Parson Hubberd at the Com-
 mandment of certain Theeves that had robb'd him.*

My Masters and Friends:

THough much I say not unto you in the great
 Commendations of Theeves, such as you
 are, yet I dare presume to commend your kind
 of life from two Arguments.

Particis bincembrit. First, As a thing that
 cometh nigh unto Virtue.

Secondly, As a thing that is used of all men in
 all Countries.

The which things because I cannot shew unto
 you fully at this short warning, and in such sharp
 weather as we be in; yet I shall desire you
 (Gentle and Loving Friends) to take in good
 part those few things which at this time I shall
 speak, not doubting but that you of your good
 knowledge, are able to say much more than at
 this

this present I can deliver unto you.

1^a. *partis probatio*. First, We know that Fortitude, Stoutness of Courage and Boldness of mind, is accounted of most men an excellent Virtue, which being granted, who is he that will judge such as you are to be vicious, Who of all men are most Valiant, most Stout, and without fear either of Gods Law or Mans? A thing which you perswade your selves worthy to be commended.

2^a. *Par.* Secondly, That this your Profession is Common, and almost Universal, and a kind of life which most men like well of, may thus appear; because it is used not only of you which have now robbed me, but also of many others in many places, at many times, both Rich and Poor, for the Great *Theeves* often rob the little Ones; of Old and Young, Worshipful and of Mean Estates; of Men and Women, for Men oftentimes rob Women of their Chastity, and Women in Recompence rob Men of their Hair, their Wealth and Health: And hereof can the Hangman of *Tyburn*, of *Whapping*, and of other such Places be sufficient and unreprieveable Witnesses.

Besides this, there be many of your Faculty of very good account, as well in the Court as in the Country, which made the merry fellow laugh, when he saw the Great Theeves leading the little

the Theeves to Hanging. There be City Theeves
that live by Usury: and *Westminster* Hall Theeves,
Jacks of both sides, of each sort innumerable.

I will not tell you of *Pirates* and Sea-faring
Theeves because there's great danger in it, and
you occupy your businesses upon the Land se-
curely. And I cannot chuse but speak the Truth
even of our own Coat: There be sometimes e-
ven of us of the Clergy, as well as of Patrons in
the Lairy, Theeves that creep in at the windows.
&c. *But so much for this time.*

Dr. Corbet *Electus Norwici Episcopus*
in Lent, 1632.

Ladies that were black Cypresse Veyles,
Turn'd lately to white linnen rayles,
And to your Girdle wear your hands,
Shewing your armes instead of hands:
What can you do in Lent so meere,
As fittest dresse to wear a Sheer?
'Twas once a band, tis now a Cloak,
An Acorn one day proves an Oake.
Were it but lower to your feet,
And then your band will prove a Sheer;
By which devise and wise Excesse
You do your Penance in a Dress.
And none shall know by what they see,
Which Ladi's censur'd and which free.

The

The Answer.

BLack Cypresse veyles are shrouds of Night;
 White linnen Rayles are Rayes of Light;
 Which though we to our Girdles wear,
 W'have Armes to keep your hands off there.
 A fitter dresse we have in Lent,
 To shew us truly penitent.
 Who makes our Bands to be a Cloak,
 Makes *John* a *Stiles* of *John* a *Nake*.
 We wear our Linnen to our feet,
 Yet need not make our Bands a Sheer.
 Your Clergy wear as long as we;
 Yet that implies Conformity.
 Be wise, recant that you have writ,
 Least you do Penance for your Wit.
 Loves Charms hath power to get a string,
 Can tye you as you did your Ring.
 So by Loves just, yet sharp decree,
 You may be censur'd, we go free.

The Exaltation of Ale.

(both;

NOt Drunken, nor Sober, but neighbour to
 I met with a Friend in *Alesbury* Vale;
 He saw by my face, that I was in the Case
 To speak no great harm of a Pot of good Ale.

K

Then

Then did he me greet, and said since we meet,
 (And he put me in mind of the Dale)
 For *Allegory* sake, some pains I would take,
 And not bury the praise of a Pot of good Ale.

The more to procure me, he then did adjure me,
 If the Ale I drank last were nappy and stale,
 To do it his right, and stir up his sprite,
 And fall to commend a Pot, &c.

Quoth I, to commend it I dare not begin,
 Least therein my credit might happen to fail;
 For many men now do count it a sin
 But once to look towards a Pot, &c.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
 Nor any thing else, my courage to quail,
 For this do we find, that take it in kind;
 Much virtue there is in a Pot of, &c.

And I mean not the taste, though herein much
 Nor the merry-go-down, without pull or hale,
 Perfuming the throat, when the Romack's a float,
 With the fragrant sweet scent of a Pot, &c.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the sight,
 To see how it flowers and mantles in grayle:
 As green as a leek, with a smile in the cheek,
 The free Oriental colour of a Pot, &c.

But

But I mean the mind, and the good it doth find,
Not only the body so feeble and fraile,
For Body and Soul may bleis the black bowle,
Since both are beholding to a Pot of good Ale.

For when heaviness the mind doth oppress,
And sorrow and grief the heart doth assaile;
No remedy quicker, than to take off your liquor,
And to wash away cares with a Pot, &c.

The Widdow that buried her Husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to waile,
And think every day awain, till she marry again,
Read her but the contents of a Pot, &c.

It is like a Belly-blaff to a cold heart,
And warms & ingenders the Spirits vital, (mage
To keep them from damage, all sprits ow their ho-
To the sprite of the Buttry a Pot, &c.

And down to the leggs the virtue doth go;
And to a bad foot-man is as good as a Sayle;
When it fills the veins, and makes light the brains,
No Lackey so nimble as a Pot, &c.

The naked complains not for want of a Coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tayle,
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his
If he be but well wrapt in a Pot, &c. (Nose,

K 2

The

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat;
Though his stomack would brook a ten-peny nail,
He quite forgets hanger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparks of a Pot, &c.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither *Partridge* nor *Quail*,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast
With a crust of brown bread and a Pot, &c.

(Mower,
The Shepherd, the Sower, the Thrasher, the
The one with his *Sithe*, the other with his *Flail*,
Take them out by the *Pole*, on the peril of my soul,
All will hold up their hands to a Pot, &c.

The *Blacksmith*, whose bellows all summer do
With fire in his face, without ere a veile, (blow,
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no
But where you may be sure of a Pot, &c. (lye,

Who ever denies it, the Prisoners will praise it,
That beg at the grate, and lie in the *Jayle*; (better
For even in their fetters, they think themselves
May they get but a two peny black Pot of Ale.

The Beggar whose portion is alwayes his Prayer,
Not having a cater to hang on his taile,
Is as rich in his rags, as the Churle in his Bags,
If he once but shake hands with a Pot, &c.

edT

It

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his brown bread, his waller and mafe,
He walks in the house, like a six footed louse,
If he once be enrich'd with a Pot, &c.

And he that doth dig in the Ditches all day,
And wearies himself quite at the Plough-taile,
Will speak no less things then of Queens & Kings,
If his scone be but ript with a Pot, &c.

It is a Whet-stone to a blunt Wit,
And makes a supply where Nature doth fail;
The dullest wit soon, will look quite through the
If his Temples be wet with a Pot, &c. (moon;

Then Dick and his darling full boldly dares speak,
Though before (filly fellow) his courage did quail;
He gives her the snutch, with his hand on his
If he meet by the way a Pot, &c. (pouch;

The Carrer will turn a Courtier straightway,
And in Rhetorick terms will tell his Tale,
With Curties great store, and his cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a Pot, &c. (teeth,

The old man, whose tongue wags faster then his
For old age by nature doth drivel and drayle,
Will frisk and will sing, like a dog in a string,
If he warms his cold blood with a Pot, &c.

And the good old Clerk whose sight waxeth dark
 And ever he thinks the Print is too small,
 He will see every letter, and say service better,
 If he glaze but his eyes with a Pot, &c.

(cause,
 The Cheeks and the Jaws to commend it have
 For where they were late but even wan and pale,
 They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
 By the true dye and tincture of a Pot, &c.

(wise,
 Mark her enemies though they think themselves
 How meagre they look, with how low a wale,
 How their cheeks do fall, without spirits at all,
 That alien their minds from a Pot, &c.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,
 Me thinks I were able to give by retaile,
 Commodities store, a dozen and more,
 That flow to mankind from a Pot, &c.

The Muses would muse any should it misuse,
 For it makes them to sing like a Nightingale,
 With a lofty trim note, having washed their throats
 With the Cabaline spring of a Pot, &c.

And the Musician of any Condition,
 It will make him reach to the top of his scale,
 He will clear his Pipes, and moisten his lights,
 If he drink *alternativum* a Pot, &c.

The

The Poet Divine, that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times fail,
Will hit on the vein, to make a good strain.
If he be but inspired with a Pot, &c.

Fo: *Ballads* Elderton never had Peer, (gale)
How went his Wit in them, with how merry a
And with all the sails up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a Pot, &c.

And the power of it shows no whit less in prose,
It will file his phrase, and set forth his tale,
Fill him but a bowle, it will make his tongue
For flowing speech comes from a Pot, &c. (trowl)

And Mr. Philosopher, if he drink his parr,
Will not trifle his time in the husk or the shale,
But go to the Kernel, by the depth of his Arr,
To be found in the bottom of a Pot, &c.

Give a Scholar of *Oxford* a pot of Sixteens,
And put him to prove that an Ape hath a taile,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from *Bodley* a Pot, &c.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not
But rather doth further the virtuous Morale;
Then think it not much, if a little I touch,
The good Moral parts of a Pot, &c.

To the Church and Religion it is a good friend,
Or else our fore Fathers their wisdom did faile,
That at every mile, next to the Church Style,
Appointed a House for a Pot, &c.

But now (as they say) Beer bears it away,
The more is the pity, if right may prevaile;
For with this same Beer, came up Heresie here,
The old Catholick drink is a Pot, &c.

The Churches much owe, as we all do know,
For when they be drooping, and ready to fall;
By a Whitson or Church-Ale, up again they go,
And owe their reparing to a Pot, &c.

Truth will do it right, it brings truth to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveale;
For they that will drink, will speak what they
Tell truth lies hid in a Pot, &c. (think,

It is Justices Friend, she will it commend,
For all is here serv'd by measure and tale;
Now tale and good measure are Justices treasure,
And much to the praise of a Pot, &c.

And next I alledge, it is fortitudes edge,
For a very Coward that shrinks like a Snail,
Will swear and will swagger, & out goes his dag-
If he be but arm'd with a Pot, &c. (ger,

Yea

Yea Ale hath her Knights & her Squires of degree,
That never wore Corset, nor yet shirt of Male;
But have fought their fights twixt the pot and the
When once they were dubb'd, &c. (wall;

And sure, it will make a man suddenly wise,
That ere-while, could hardly tell a right tale;
It will open his Jaw, to tell you the Law,
Many a benchier is made by a Pot, &c.

Or he that will make a bargain to gain,
In buying or selling his goods forth to sale;
Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
And seal up his Match with a Pot, &c.

But for soberness, needs must I confess,
The matter goes hard, and few do prevaile;
Not to go to deep, but temper to keep,
Is the Park and the Pale of a Pot, &c.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the best availe;
If you drink too deep, it will make you but sleep,
If it be a good draught of *Derby* Ale.

If reeling, you happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great, you may hold by the Rayle;
And if into the water, you can hardly be
For that gift is given to a Pot, &c. (drown'd,

If drinking about, they chance to fall out,
 Fear not the Alarum, though flesh be but fraile,
 It will prove but some blows, at most a bloody
 And friends again freight with a Pot, &c, (nose,

And Physick will favour Ale, as it is bound,
 And be against Beer, both tooth and naile;
 They send up and down, all over the Town,
 To get for their Patients a Pot, &c.

Their Ale-berries, Cawdles and Posset each one,
 And Sillabubs made at the milking pail;
 Although they be many, Beer comes not in any,
 But all are compos'd with a Pot, &c.

And in very deed, the Hop's but a weed,
 Brought o're against Law, and here put to sale;
 Would the Law were renew'd, and no more Beer
 That *English* men still may love, &c. (brew'd,

The Law protects Ale still under her wing,
 For every Law-day, or Moot of the Hall;
 One is sworn to serve our Sovereign the King,
 In the antient Office of a Conner of Ale.

There's never a Lord of Manner or Town,
 By Strand, or by Land, by Hill, or by Dale,
 But thinks it a Franchise, and a Flower of the
 To hold the Assize of a Pot, &c. (Crown,
 And

(mouth,
And though there lie writs from the Court para-
To stay the proceeding of the Court paravaile;
Law favours it so, you may come you may go,
There lies no prohibition to a Pot, &c.

They talk much of State, both early and late, (fall,
But it *Gascoigne* and *Spain*, their wine should but
No remedy then, for us *English* men,
But the State it must stand by a Pot, &c.

And they that sit by it, are good men and quier,
No dangerous Plotters in the Common Weale;
Of treason or murther, for they go no further,
Then to call for and pay for a Pot, &c.

To the praise of *Gambrias* that good *British* King,
That devil'd for the *Nation* (by the *Welchman's* sale)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
The happy invention of a Pot, &c.

But he was a *Paynim*, and *Ale* then was tife,
Yet after Christ came, and bid us all Haile;
St. Tavy did never triuk Beer in her life,
But all Curwwhible or a Pot, &c.

The North they will praise it, and praise it with
Where every River gives name to a Dale; (passion,
There men are yet living, that are of th' old fashi-
No Nectar they know but a Pot, &c.

(on.
The

The Picts and the Scots, for Ale were at odds,
So high was the skill, and so kept under Scale;
The Picts were undone, slain each Mothers Son,
For not reaching the Scots to make Hether Ale.

But hither or thither, it skils not much whither,
For drink must be had: Men live not by Keale;
Nor by Haver Bannocks, nor by Haven Jannocks,
The thing the Scots live by is a Pot, &c.

Now if you will say it, I will not deny it,
That many a man it brings to his bayle;
Yet what fairer end, can one wish his Friend,
Then to dye by the dart of a Pot, &c.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
It is their own doing to break o're the pale;
And neither the Mault, nor good Wife in fault,
If any be potted with a cup of good Ale.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,
How many a man liveth both sound & haile;
Though he drink no Beer, any day of the year,
By the radical humour of a Pot, &c.

But to speak of killing, that am I not willing,
For that in a manner, were but to raile;
But Beer bath his name, canse it brings to the
Therefore well-fare say I to a Pot, &c.

Too

Too many I wiss, with their deaths proves this,
And therefore (if antient Records do not faile)
He that first brew'd the hop was rewarded with a
And found his beer far more bitter than ale. (rope,

Oh ! Ale, *ab Alendo*, Thon Liquor of Life,
That I had but a mouth as big as a Whale;
For mine is too little to touch the least tittle,
That belongs to the praise of a Pot, &c.

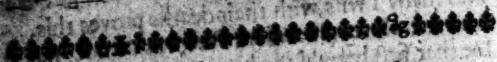
Thus I trow some virtues I have mark'd you out,
And never a Vice in all this long traile;
But that after the Pot, there cometh a shor,
And that's the only blot of a Pot, &c.

With that my Friend said, that blot will I bear;
You have done very well, it is time to strike sail,
Wee'l have six Pots more, though I dye on the
To make all this good of a Pot, &c. (score.

Then along they went, to *Pim Waters Tent*,
And call'd for a dozen of Canns by the tayle;
They drank more than they bled, and till that time
They ne're knew the worth of a Pot, &c. (they sed,
Finis.

Tempus edax rerum, veteres cecinerunt Potas,
Tempora mutantur, Tempora nostra bibunt.

Catullus



*Catalines Curse and Blessing to James Povey,
Clerk of the Court of Errours.*

SInce by the late lost love I have found out
Thy friend-ship fanci'd like the common rout,
Who prize mens worths at an unconstant rate,
Just as they see them rais'd or press'd by fate;
This Curse upon thee mayest thou ever find,
Henceforth, let Conscience rule in every mind,
And each man prove so excellently good,
That terms of Law needs not be understood;
Let neither silly Geese, nor busy Bees
Afford thee Wax, or Pens, to get thee Fees;
Nor let there in the World be so much Gall,
As to compound thy envious Ink withall;
And so small use of Writs and Officers,
Thou mayest forget to write Court Characters;
So when the harmless Sheep forsakes his skin,
It may no more be branded with thy sin.
So high thy absence hath advanc'd my rage,
That I intend the remnant of my age
To be devout, and (to thy ruine pray,
That only love may in the World bear Sway:
*This Charitable will I be in spite,
Unless I chance to see thee yet ere night.*

Velox animo runs. E. C.

To

TO thee whom *Whilome* I did Curse,
I send my Blessings which is worse.

The Seven sins we deadly call,
Let them be made thy Blessings all.

Let Pride delight to furnish thee
With Suits, that yield both Bribe and Fee.

Let Avarice think (all in vain).

The charge of Law, the greatest gain.

Let Lechery dissensions breed,

And Gluttony on Conscience feed,

Till none be left. Let Envy bring

Thee Ink and Wax, with Gall, and Sting.

Let Wrath its Errours fowle commit,

Faster than thou canst frame a Writ.

And last, let Sloth so love its ease,

Thou mayest deceive, yet not displease.

Ed. Catalano.

IMuse what Rule of State, or what Designe
Should the Grand Seniors of our Town incline,
Without Necessity or urgent Cause,
To Innovate their Government and Lawes;

And

Ingenious Parents.

And why two Bailiffs, with two beards, two faces,
Two heads, sometimes two gowns, two staves, two
Should not be thought as polirique a pair, (maces
As two in one Gown called Mr. Mayor ;
They say two eyes, although they look a squint,
See more than one, and sure ther's somthing in't,
Why Nature made two eyes, two ears, two feet,
Two hands in Bodies natural to meet.
Two Oxen in one Yoak, less need the goad
Then one, and draw we see the greater load.
Two Asses bear away the greater burthen (then,
Then one ; why should our towns-men keep a stir
Vex the Fraternity and waste the Treasure
To load one Ox, one Ass, above all measure,
Unlesse they mean by Alchyme of Stare,
To put two Bailiffs brains in one Mayors Pare,
Then must the Pare, be far more pert and pregnant,
But the first Quality must still be regnant.

FINIS.

312 d. 16

16